PENTHOUSE

SEPTEMBER 2011

VARIATIONS

WICKED WIFE GETS HER GIRL

SEX SLAVE IS TEASED & TAMED

HOT MILF SCHOOLS COLLEGE BOY

HORNY BABE'S FIRST ORGY

Video Inside

WA BE SOLD TO
PERSC ER 18 YEARS OF AGE

StoreMags.com

WHERE?™

THEEROTICREVIEW.com®

THE WORLDS FINEST SITE FOR ADULT ENTERTAINER REVIEWS

UnitedKingdomItalyFranceNetherlandsGermany
BelgiumUnitedStatesCanadaJapanSpain

EDITORIAL
Editorial Director • PETER BLOCH
Executive Editor • BARBARA F. PIZIO
Senior Editor • RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL

ART
President, Penthouse Studios • KELLY HOLLAND
Art Director, Publishing Group • JOHN AROCHO

PHOTO LIBRARY
Art Rights Manager • MARIA ROTHENBERG
Photo Librarian • EVELYN BUTLER
Assistant Photo Librarian • NORMA DELGADO

CIRCULATION
Vice President, Dir. of Circulation • JOE M. GALLO
Director, Newsstand Sales • PAUL G. PEARSON
Customer Service Manager/Analyst • MORGAN EVERETT

ADVERTISING & MARKETING
Associate Publisher • RICH McENTEE
Account Manager • ELYSIA G. BANDONG
Promotions Manager • LAINIE SPEISER

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING
Director, Global Clubs Licensing • JEFF STOLLER
Manager, International Publications • MONICA KIRBY
Director, Model Recruitment • STACY VALENTINE
Director, Licensing • AMANDA BYRD

INTERNET
President, Penthouse Internet • ROB BRACKETT
Vice President, Product Development • MICHAEL McNICHOLAS

PRODUCTION
Vice President, Art, Manufacturing & Production • MICHAEL TANG
Production Manager • MARIA KELLEHER
Photo Retoucher • GIL VELEZ
Type Systems Supervisor • MARIO IANNOTTA
Production Assistant • JANICE VENTURA

CORPORATE
Chief Executive Officer • MARC H. BELL
President, Licensing & Publishing • JAMES SULLIVAN
Controller • FRANK MATASAVAGE
Accounting Manager • ANTHONY MANISCALCO

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS

Editorial and Advertising Offices
20 Broad Street, 14th Floor
New York, NY 10005
Tel: 212-702-6000 • Fax: 212-702-6262
Advertising inquiries: AdSales@ffn.com

Entertainment/Licensing Office
Chatsworth, CA
Tel: 310-280-1950

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

FloridaEgg.com

www.variations.com

PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS

SEPTEMBER 2011

Our cover model is
Alexis Ford

4 BISEXUALITY
SWEET KISSES

14 BISEXUALITY
READER LETTERS

24 PICTORIAL
ALEXIS FORD

Certification:
The records, if any, relating to any images in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. 75.1—75.8 are maintained by the Custodian of Records of General Media Communications, Inc. at 20 Broad St., 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005.

PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS (ISSN 0274-5143) September 2011. Volume 33, Number 9. Copyright © 2011 by General Media Communications, Inc., a subsidiary of FriendFinder Networks Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of *Penthouse Variations* magazine may be reproduced by any means or media without the publisher's prior written permission. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by General Media Communications, Inc., 20 Broad Street, Fourteenth Floor, New York, NY 10005. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and elsewhere in the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken, NJ 08109. Periodical postage paid in New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to *Penthouse Variations* magazine, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235, Tel. (800) 333-3013. Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic or other matter. Submission of letters to *Penthouse Variations* magazine or its editors irrevocably grants to *Penthouse Variations* all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights. *Penthouse Variations* does not accept unsolicited ideas subject to conditions of confidentiality, non-use, or other obligations. Names, places and identifying details in submissions may be changed at the editors' discretion. Any similarity between persons and events depicted

CONTENTS

32 ANAL SEX
NAUGHTY INSPIRATION

40 ANAL SEX
READER LETTERS

56 FEMALE DOMINATION
TAMING TATE

66 SWINGING
LUSTY APPETITES

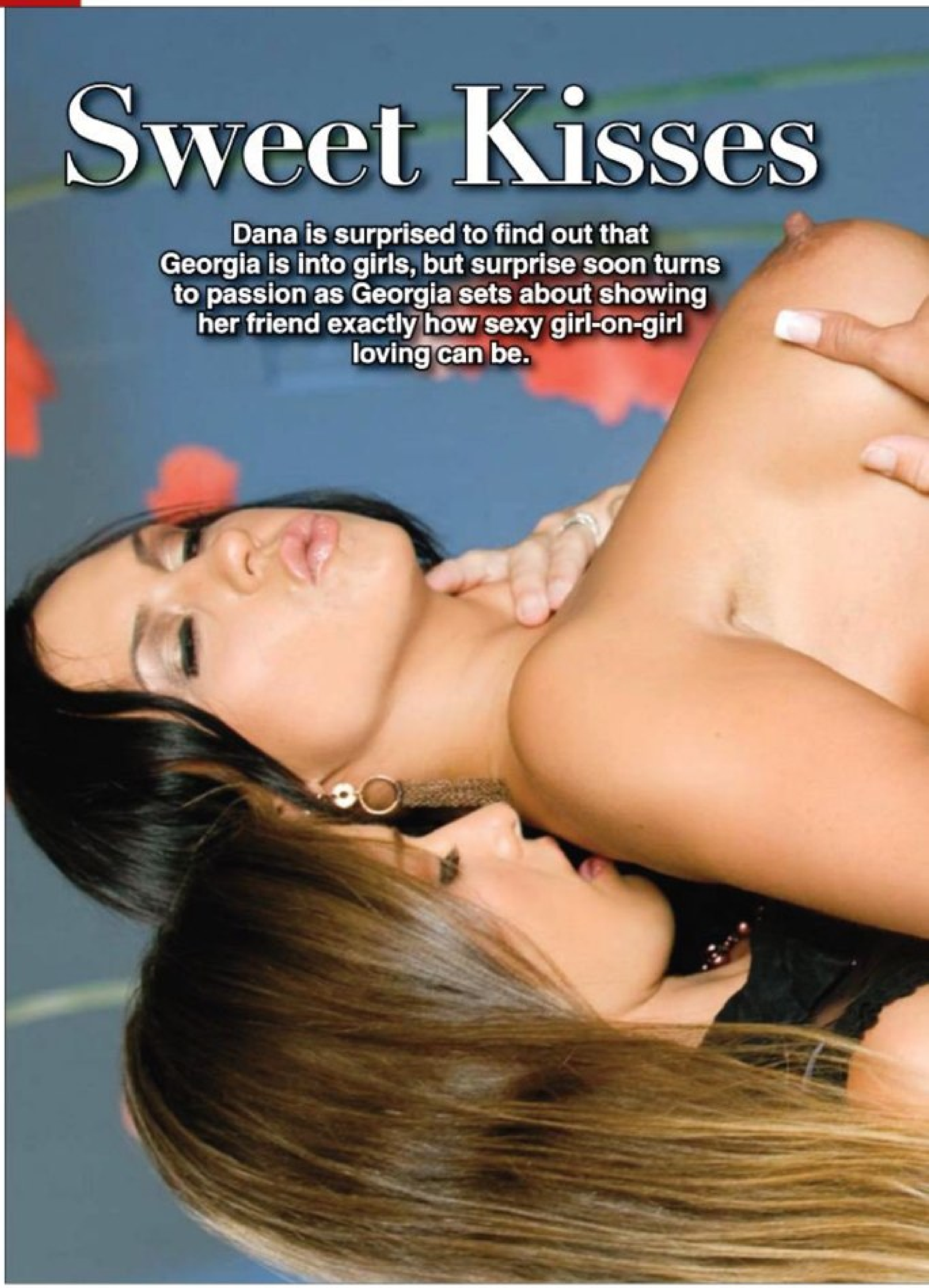
78 DVD PREVIEW
EVERYBODY LOVES
TORI BLACK

86 WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

in fiction or semifiction and real events or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., Possessions, APO and FPO—$29.95 one year; Canada—$45 one year (includes G.S.T.); elsewhere—$45 one year. Single copies: $5.25 in U.S., $5.99 Canada and elsewhere. Canadian GST registration #R126607902. To subscribe, report a subscription problem or change address in the U.S., call toll-free (800) 333-3013; outside the outside the U.S., call (386) 447-6365. **Please direct all editorial correspondence and inquiries to Penthouse Variations, 20 Broad Street, Fourteenth Floor, New York, NY 10005. Tel. (212) 702-6000.** Advertising offices: New York: General Media Communications, Inc., 20 Broad Street, Fourteenth Floor, New York, NY 10005. Tel. (212) 702-6000. West Coast: Penthouse, 19749 Dearborn Street, Chatsworth CA 91311. Tel. (310) 280-1950. VARIATIONS, the PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS logo, the Three Key logo, the One Key logo, Penthouse Pet, Pet of the Month and Pet of the Year are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. **PRINTED IN CANADA.** Certificado de licitud de título No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernación, México. Reserva de título No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educación pública.

FloridaFF.com

Sweet Kisses


Dana is surprised to find out that Georgia is into girls, but surprise soon turns to passion as Georgia sets about showing her friend exactly how sexy girl-on-girl loving can be.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

By Dana Hardin

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Georgia and I

Georgia and I met as a result of overlapping shifts at the library. She worked evenings, and in the hours before I left for the day we became quick friends. She was devilishly clever—easy-going yet sophisticated, and always fun. She was also quite worldly for a girl of twenty. She was married, for one thing, while I was still unattached at twenty-seven, prompting Georgia to nickname me "the bachelorette." We started hanging out together on her nights off, usually at her place, as it was much more comfortable. She and her husband had a sprawling place high up in the hills; it seemed like a huge resort compared to my elegant but tiny apartment.

During our time away from work, I became familiar with a different Georgia. She was much bolder and sexier at home. Her wardrobe, for instance, was nowhere near as conservative as it was at the library. She liked short skirts and skimpy tops that left her midriff bare. She had a lovely body, and her pride in her own healthy sexuality was always in good taste. I envied her zest for life, and hoped some of it would rub off on me.

One night we went to a bad movie, and then dropped by her place afterward to do some tequila shots. The place was quiet as we entered, and I followed Georgia into the kitchen. She seemed to be in a much softer mood tonight. "Boyd isn't home?" I asked, seeing no sign of her husband.

"Boyd's upstairs early tonight. He's had a busy day and is recovering," she purred, her eyes already glowing from her first shot of tequila. I thought nothing of it until a few minutes later, when the sound of a woman's laughter came from upstairs. My eyes darted over to Georgia, and she smiled. "He has a special way of getting over a bad day," she said, pouring us another round. "Let's take these drinks out on the patio."

She ignored the patio lights, and instead lit a small votive candle on the round table next to the outdoor shower. "Boyd and I have an open marriage," she explained as we sat down. "We're very secure in our relationship, and because of that we can be free to enjoy new experiences."

I was shocked for only a second or two, and then I giggled. "That must be very exciting."

The glow on Georgia's face wasn't coming from the candle flame or the tequila now. "It's pretty awesome," she said with a smile, holding my gaze with hers. The moment was electric—I knew instinctively that Georgia didn't share this side of herself with anyone unless she trusted them. I could also tell that she knew how stirring I found the idea, and I was suddenly quite conscious of my breathing and the rapidly increasing pace of my heartbeat.

We sipped our drinks, enjoying the gentle breeze. Over our heads was a small second-floor deck, whose open patio door allowed us to hear the occasional chuckle or sigh from the upstairs bedroom. "So she's up three right now," I said softly.

There was a knowing look in Georgia's smile. "Uh-huh," she said with deliberate slyness. "Wanna peek? Come on, I do it all the time!"

I followed her up the stairs leading to the deck, barely able to believe that I was doing something so brazen. We snuck up, creeping slowly across the deck to peer in through the edge of the screen. What we saw was instantly mesmerizing—on a stool next to the dresser sat a beautiful girl with raven hair. She was naked but for the tiniest plaid skirt bunched around her waist. She had an incredible body, with lovely sculpted shoulders and gorgeous breasts. Between her legs stood Georgia's husband, Boyd, ramming himself in and out of her. I'd already known that Boyd worked out—after all, he had an athletic build with his clothes *on*. Naked, however, he had the form of a Greek god, with the hard cock of one as well, and from the sounds the girl was making, he knew how to use it.

FlordiaEgs.com

Georgia and I crept away from the patio door. "God, that gets my blood up!" she whispered. "Wanna go have some fun of our own?"

I was shocked! I'd had no idea that Georgia was bisexual. In fact, I still wasn't certain of it, as the idea might have occurred to her spontaneously—one doesn't have to be bisexual to have a same-sex experience. And it wasn't so out of character for her to suggest such a thing, especially with what I now knew. What I found shocking, I suppose, was how readily I pounced on the idea. "Yeah, absolutely," I answered with a barely suppressed giggle.

Georgia took my hand and led me back down the stairs, cursing when she hit a squeaky step. She took me back to the little round table to finish our drinks, but we didn't sit down, and she didn't let go of my hand. "I always kind of liked you, you know," she said.

"I really like you, too," I replied. "I've never done this before."

She popped back the remainder of her drink, and then her delicate fingertips were on my cheek. A chill shot up my spine when she touched me. "S'okay," she said with a soft smile. "Take a shower with me. It'll give us a chance to get to know each other." She moved to the shower, turning it on and testing the water before peeling off the scanty fringed top she wore and unfastening the short denim skirt. "Take your clothes off, Dana," she murmured, the sudden hoarseness in her voice making my nipples tingle.

It was crunch time. Was I actually willing to get naked in front of her? Georgia slid down her skirt and panties and stood under the spray watching me, the water glistening off the left half of her body. Her dainty chestnut bush was like spun silk, and it looked so soft and delicate. I couldn't back out now—she was the most intriguing person I'd met in a long time, and I had to see where this went. I swallowed the rest of my drink and took off my top, keeping my eyes locked on hers. The night air felt wonderfully re-

freshing on my bare skin, and I undid my jeans, lifting one leg, then the other, to pull them off and toss them carelessly over the back of one of the chairs.

Only my panties remained, and I slid them down and stepped out of them. I saw Georgia's eyes drop to look at me. "You have a beautiful body, Dana," she said as I stepped under the shower spray with her. Taking off my clothes in front of another woman had never been so erotic. We drew closer, our breasts touching an instant before I felt her hands on my shoulders. I slipped my arms around Georgia's waist and felt the warmth of her wet body against mine; I had to struggle to keep from gasping. I reached up to let my fingers caress the back of her neck, feeling the soft thickness of her dark hair, while my other hand rested on the smoothness of her hip. She was so pretty, and so very young, and I wanted her. I wanted to know the smell of her skin, and the softness of her backside against my face. I wanted to know how she tasted, and the sounds she made at the height of her passion. She was mine, for the moment, all of her, and I leaned in and put my mouth on hers, the water spraying over our heads and cascading down our bodies. Georgia, only Georgia.

She moaned softly, and her hands came up as if she could barely control them, to rest on my neck, under my ears. Her lovely dark eyes were half closed as she reciprocated my kisses, caressing my face and pressing her body lightly into mine, enveloping me in her ardor. "Such pretty breasts," she said, her hands dropping down to massage their fullness, fingering my nipples as she caressed me.

"I like yours, too," I mumbled, bending to kiss them. Georgia's breasts weren't as big as mine—I usually fit into a D cup, depending on the bra—but she had decent handfuls, with luscious dark brown nipples. I sucked them, making her gasp. I couldn't get enough of them, and she had to take my chin between her thumb and forefinger, a gesture I found terribly sensual, and guide my mouth back up so she could kiss me some more. It was slow and gentle, much less frantic than the kisses of a man, and neither of us wanted it to end. It felt very natural to be in her arms, the warm water running over us and adding an extra layer of sensuality. My hands rested on her ass as I gleefully accepted her moist kisses.

Finally, our hands found their way between each other's legs. I felt as if all the breath would run out of me when I felt her fingers on my most private area, her longest finger resting along my slit. I teased the dark softness of her pubic hair and felt the heat of her excitement. If I probed her folds, I knew she would be wet and slippery inside.

GEORGIA laughed suddenly and pushed me against the shower wall, grabbing the soap and lathering my body. Her hands became familiar with my every contour, making me feel wonderful all over. She lingered at my breasts for many moments, until I couldn't restrain myself any longer, and I spun her around and took the soap from her, lathering her body from behind. Her skin felt amazing when it was wet. I buried my face in the back of her neck and soaped her belly, her breasts, her dainty pubis. Her breathing was getting noticeably short, and she turned to give me more of her mouth, kissing me hungrily. I washed her back, taking my time as I bathed her precious rump. Georgia gasped, and burst out laughing. "You sure you've never done this before?"

Our kisses were quickly getting out of control, and we'd barely rinsed off when Georgia was suddenly pulling me toward the cushioned bench running the length of the patio, both of us still dripping wet. "Come lay down with me, Dana," she said, pulling me down on top of her, the music of her voice husky with her growing impatience. "Come tell me some more about you never doing this before."

I kissed her with everything I had, and she wrapped her legs around me. She

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Scarletteen.com

had gorgeous legs, and I couldn't resist the easy access to her delicate femininity, pressing against it with the back of my hand while she moaned into my mouth. On my knees, I turned away from her lips only to return to her sexy dark nipples. My fingers, in the meantime, had parted the lips of her pretty sex, dabbing at her entrance with just a tip. "You're going to make me come," she whispered. I slid my index finger into her depth, massaging along the snug walls of her pussy, and Georgia's entire body flexed as she climaxed with a soft cry.

I couldn't stop kissing her! Her mouth was delicious, and I wanted more, but she made me lie on my belly, facedown on the bench. Straddling me, she began massaging my shoulders, bending to let her breasts graze my shoulder blades. This made me frantic, and I wanted to turn over and devour her, but Georgia was firm. "You just relax," she scolded. "Trust me, Dana—I *have* done this before!" She had amazing fingers, and soon I was moaning as she worked every muscle along my back, making her way south. I was panting by the time she reached my bottom. Georgia seemed delighted, planting little kisses at the crack of my behind, her fingers sliding down until they reached my aching pussy.

"You're already soaked, you know," she whispered, sliding a finger in to the first knuckle. She barely moved it, letting it glide slowly in and out, as if on its own. "Are you excited, Dana?" she teased. "Do you want me to make you come?"

"God, yeah!" I whispered, too far gone to trust my own voice.

She gave me a playful slap on the behind. "Then I want you to get on your knees and stick this pretty bottom in the air for me."

I rose to my knees and presented myself to her. A tremor went through my body as I felt her hands caressing the cheeks of my ass, her thumbs finding their way down to rest on my pussy's outer lips. With deliberate slowness, she began manipulating me, her thumbs alternating strokes. After less than a minute I was a basket case—I could feel her breath, right above her thumbs, and felt the heat of her mouth as she bent to lick me.

A tremor went through my body as I felt her hands caressing my ass, her thumbs finding their way down to rest on my pussy.

Spreading the lips of my wet cunt with her thumbs, Georgia began to flick the tip of her tongue inside my wet hole. I was moaning and reaching back to spread the cheeks of my ass to allow her greater access. She gasped and began to lick me eagerly, penetrating as far as she could. Slipping a hand around my thigh, she reached under to rub my clit. With her other hand she spread the lips of my pussy and wiggled the tip of her tongue along its entrance. I went off like a Roman candle, a deep, guttural sound

emanating from between my clenched teeth, and collapsed flat on my belly, gasping for breath while she nuzzled my neck, murmuring behind my ear, "Oh, Dana—you taste so good!"

I spun around to get more of her mouth. Her body felt so soft and smooth against mine, and I crushed her to me, taking her kisses in great big gulps. Squirming, I maneuvered Georgia onto her back and let my breasts dangle in her face. This drove her nearly insane with lust, and she finally grabbed them in her hands and suckled to her heart's content. Her mouth on my nipples had me close to orgasm all by itself, and I slipped my hand between her legs. She was hot and wet, and I slid a finger deep inside her pussy. Georgia moaned. Reaching down, she grabbed my wrist, grinding her clit into my knuckles and coming with a sharp grunt.

I was frantic. Shifting my position until I faced her feet, I draped a leg over her head and lowered my hot pussy over her face. "I want all of you," I told her. "I want to eat you up. I'll bet you taste good." I practically dove between her legs, wrapping my arms around the cheeks of her behind to spread her nether lips, opening her to my kisses. I rubbed my face into her soft little bush and licked her slit. She was sweet and salty, and I buried my tongue in her as far as it would go, kneading the smooth skin of her bottom in my hands.

Georgia's finger lay over my swollen clit, pressing it rhythmically as she slipped its tip in and out of my pussy. I writhed all over her face, trying not to get lost in what she was doing, focusing my attention on the perfection of her sex, probing my tongue deep into her warmth. Now and again I would take her pretty flower in my mouth to suck, running my fingertip around the entrance of her slippery hole while I did so. Her slim finger was fucking my pussy now, and it was getting hard for me to concentrate on anything. I felt her tongue flicking against my clit and shuddered as I came. Georgia laughed in triumph—she had made me come first.

I kissed her all over her dainty mound. She was so tight that I could barely slip a second finger in her. Once I did, all hell broke loose—she started gasping and wiggling her ass, pumping her hips and pressing her cunt into my face. I snaked my tongue over her clit, teasing the walls of her pussy with my fingers. Georgia's voice trembled with urgency. "Oh God, Dana, don't stop!" she cried. I smiled wickedly against her cunt, loving how crazy I'd made her, and delighted that I could so easily turn her into the squirming mass of ecstasy she had made me. Suddenly her entire body was quaking, and she cried out. I felt the walls of her pussy pulsing, soaking my fingers as she came.

The intensity of Georgia's orgasm filled me with lust. She was so honest in her excitement that I wanted to possess her in a way I'd never desired with a man. Overstimulated now, I turned around and straddled her face so that she could tongue-fuck my hole. It took only half a moment, and then I was holding the back of her head and grinding my pussy into her face as the wave hit me.

MY KNEES felt weak. Shifting my position carefully so as not to hurt her, I moved back to lie on top of Georgia while she kissed and cuddled me. We lay there for a few minutes before she rose and pulled me up, dragging me back under the shower. I hadn't realized what our eager lovemaking had done to me—I was a mess! The warm water was immediately reviving, however, and we were soon all over each other again. This time we didn't even make it over to the bench, sinking right down to the shower floor to grope each other, mashing our wet breasts together. Then Georgia put me back on my hands and knees, the water spraying over my back.

"Let me show you a trick," she mumbled, nibbling down the length of my

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

spine. Her fingers explored my folds as she began kissing her way down the crack of my ass. I was already moaning as she licked my pussy, bringing me quickly back to the breaking point. I had the side of my face flat against the shower floor, oblivious to anything except Georgia's wriggling fingers and tongue. Her index finger was probing my pussy, while her kisses traveled up to linger around my asshole, and I gasped as she began to lick me there.

"Mmm, this is so good!" she moaned, wiggling the tip of her tongue against my most private spot.

"Oh God, that feels *incredible*," I moaned back, shoving my ass toward her face. My hips began the sensual dance every human knows, the pressure building, Georgia's mouth and hands edging me closer and closer to the satisfaction I craved. "Here's the trick," she teased, her voice trembling with her own excitement. Just as I slid past the point of no return, she slipped a finger in my ass, and I grunted uncontrollably as the wave took me, sending my body into spasms. I squeezed her hand between my thighs, my teeth gritting together and my eyes snapping shut.

We lay for a moment, locked in each other's arms on the shower floor, and then cracked up laughing. Both of us were, I think, a little surprised at the intensity of our passion. "Not bad for someone who's never been with a woman before," she teased, pulling me by the wrist and taking me back into the house, where we made love for the rest of the night. We fell asleep on Georgia's huge and comfy living room sofa. Boyd found us there in the morning, snuggled in each other's arms.

We still see each other regularly, only we have a lot more fun now. We are currently discussing the possibility of a threesome with her husband. "Boyd will love you," Georgia told me the last time we talked about it, pressed together against the wall of the library washroom, masturbating each other as we kissed. I can't wait for it to happen!

Download In True PDF format StoreMags.com - Free Magazines

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com

JOIN US!

1-800-WET-4-PET

9 3 8 4 7 3 8

UPDATED PET INFO & TALK WITH SEXY LADIES

$1.99 - $4.99/MIN

18+

1-800-945-LEGS

5 3 4 7

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

$1.99 -
$4.99/MIN
18+

1-800-759-2ON1

2661

LOCAL GALS

1-800-962-6649

JUST $1.99/MIN, 18+

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

floralegg.com

Bisexuality letters

FROM HAPPY HOUR TO HOURS OF HAPPINESS— DISCOVERING GIRL-GIRL LOVE AFTER WORK

Laura and I were friends before we became lovers. I don't think either of us ever saw it coming, but after we finally hooked up, all we ever did was come.

We met on a job in some boring suburban office where we were both working as temps. I was a struggling actor, and Laura was a starving artist, so we bonded over our shared creative aspirations as well as that slight feeling of being left out that's so common among temporary laborers. Soon we were IM'ing constantly and hanging out at happy hour at least once or twice a week. One night after work, we stayed

fiorekaff.com

out so late that she missed her last train home, so I invited her to crash at my place, which was just a few blocks from the bar.

When we got there, I made some tea and we settled in on the couch, where we started swapping dating horror stories. We were each wearing one of my oversized t-shirts, which I usually wear to sleep, and at one point, Laura touched my bare thigh to accentuate something she was saying. To my surprise, that gave me the good kind of chills and a little honey seeped from my pussy, dampening the crotch of my thong. Feeling a little uncomfortable and confused, I shifted, hoping she wouldn't notice my newly rigid nipples, as her hand moved away from my thigh as quickly and casually as it had landed.

We continued talking like nothing had happened, though I now regarded her in a whole new light. I'd never been attracted to women before, but she *was* awfully cute. Guys at bars—and in the office—were always hitting on her, drawn to her athletic yet still curvy body, warm smile and infectious laugh. Suddenly, however, I found myself noticing the swell of her breasts and the fact that her nipples were also poking against her t-shirt. *Wait a minute*, I thought to myself, *it's pretty warm in here*. Could it be possible that she was turned on, too?

I can't remember what we talked about after that—all I could think about was kissing her. I'm not even sure I heard anything that she said because my heart was pounding so loudly in my ears. Also, her hand constantly settled on my knee, my arm, my thigh, etc., until my skin was covered in goose bumps, my clit was pulsing wildly, and my panties were sopping wet.

That continued for a while, until I was unable to take it anymore, so I decided to just go for it. She was in the middle of a sentence when I leaned forward to press my lips against hers. I could tell that she was surprised at first, but she responded positively, melting into my kiss instead of pulling away like I'd feared she might. Even better, her mouth opened wide so I could tangle my tongue with hers, and we were soon making out in a way that, before that night, I'd only ever experienced with guys.

She laved my lust-puffed outer labia before taking each into her mouth for a good suck.

That's when Laura took the reins, and I wondered if this had been her intention all along. While gnawing at my bottom lip, she took hold of the hem of my t-shirt and pulled it over my head. Following her lead, I removed hers, and she maneuvered me onto my back before urging me to raise my ass so she could slide off my sodden panties. Next she took off her own thong and stretched out on top of me so we could resume kissing.

I sucked her tongue as our bodies intertwined, and I was amazed by

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format
Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

FICTIONEER.COM

how different and yet similar having sex with a woman felt. I'd fucked lots of men, so having a naked body on top of mine wasn't a new sensation, but the pair of tits pressed against mine certainly was, not to mention the absence of a big, hard cock between our bodies. I can honestly say that I didn't miss the latter; feeling my friend's clean-shaven mound writhing against my own was plenty exciting!

Moving slowly down my body, Laura trailed tender kisses over my neck, shoulders and chest, where she stopped to ring my areolas with

the tip of her tongue. They crinkled in response, breaking out in a band of raised bumps as I gasped in ecstasy. Next she whisked her tongue over my stomach, painting it with her saliva until she reached my pussy.

I acted purely on instinct, bending my legs and opening them wide. My labia peeled back, inviting her inside, and even I could smell my heady musk. But that didn't deter Laura; rather, it seemed to motivate her, because she gripped my hips tightly and dove right in. First she laved my lust-puffed outer labia before taking each into her mouth for a good suck. Then my hands moved to her head as her lips moved over my sex, scooping up my copiously flowing juices. When my hips started heaving, mashing my cunt against her mouth, she never broke stride; she remained glued to the sensitive spot between my legs and kept eating me.

Suddenly, I was desperate to taste her. I knew what my pussy tasted like, from when I'd kissed guys who'd gone down on me as well as from licking my fingers to get them wetter while masturbating. But this would be my first time sampling another woman's essence, or feeling that slick skin against my tongue. My desire to make her come was as strong as my curiosity, and so, between heaving breaths, I asked her to turn around.

Laura stopped what she was doing to look up at me. Her eyes were as glossy as I guessed mine were, and her cheeks were flushed bright pink. The sexiest thing, however, was the shine of my juices smeared all over her lips and chin. After giving me a big smile, she slid down my body to

FloralKeep.com

heed my urgent request.

Now that we were head to toe, she swung one leg over my midsection and settled in with her pussy right on my face. I got excited when I discovered that her musk was as intense as mine, and as soon as her flesh hit my lips, I stuck out my tongue to see if she tasted as good as I suspected she would. She did, and I took broad laps of her inner lips, making her shudder each time I made contact with her rigid clit. I wanted to feel her too, so I began stroking her tender flesh until she let out a loud moan that vibrated through my whole body.

It was only my first time eating another woman, and I couldn't get enough. She couldn't get enough of me, either—her mouth never broke contact with my cunt, maintaining a vacuum-like lock as she sucked my labia and toggled my clitoris with her tongue. Each time she did something new, I aped her movements, and she moaned and groaned against me. I couldn't keep quiet either, and I wondered if the reverberations of *my* voice against *her* flesh were as thrilling as hers were for me.

Our lusty sixty-nine continued a while longer, and the air in the room grew warm and heavy. I held on tight to Laura's asscheeks, kneading the firm globes as I explored her sex with my mouth. My favorite part was the way she bucked and shuddered against me whenever I pressed on her supersensitive button, and I loved feeling it pulse against my tongue. However, I never did that for very long; I didn't want to make her come before I'd given her enough pleasure.

I could have easily kept eating her forever, but then my partner slid a finger into my dripping hole. When she reached her bottom knuckle she began stroking me from the inside, finding erotic triggers that no one had ever found before. That massage felt absolutely incredible, and I knew it was because she understood my body like no man ever could.

To return the favor, I thrust a finger deep into her. She felt just like I did inside, and when she began sliding her digit in and out of me, I did the same to her. Immediately, I felt the response of her pussy against my lips

as her skin grew hotter and her clit started pulsing madly. Then more of her juices poured down my throat, and I gulped at the tangy nectar as she gamely swallowed down my own deluge.

The sensations soon became so intense that I didn't know how much more I could handle. It seemed unlikely that Laura could hold out much longer either—she was trembling, and her breath was coming in hot, little puffs against my wet flesh. Soon, it became difficult to keep my mouth pressed against her pussy because everything she did to mine felt so good. More than anything, I wanted to let my head drop back onto the cushions and thrash it from side to side as I reveled in all the delightful sensations. But I persevered—not wanting to deprive my friend of her pleasure—although I decided that it was time to make her come.

Wrapping my lips around her button, I pressed my tongue against it and sucked as hard as I could. She did the same exact thing to me and in a flash, I felt fireworks go off in my belly. From there, sparks shot through my entire body as I quaked violently and gasped into Laura's cunt. Similarly, I could feel her shaking above me, and then her body gave a huge shudder and she cried out against my quivering flesh. A spurt of liquids flooded my mouth, and I clutched her tightly to me as I swallowed them down.

Our temporary work assignment ended soon after that and professionally, we went our separate ways. That ended up being a good thing because we began dating, and things quickly turned serious. Since that night, our love for each other—as well as our lust—has continued growing, and now I can't imagine life without Laura.

Ms. Grace K.,
Via E-Mail

SEXY TRIO MAKES SWEET MUSIC IN HOTEL HOOKUP

My girlfriend and I like to try new things to keep our sex life interesting. For the first year of our relationship, though, Kate and I kept things private, just between the two of us. After that time, though, my eyes started to wander—and hers did, too. It wasn't that anything was wrong with our relationship; we just wanted some variety. And boy did we get it!

I decided to treat her to a concert for her birthday. I'd heard about an impromptu show being staged by one of her favorite bands. This band wasn't really my thing, but seeing the love of my life so happy was, so I had no problem going. I knew it would make her day—and night—but I didn't realize quite how momentous an occasion it would become.

Kate hugged me when I told her I'd scored the tickets, and then she kissed me. "I think you deserve a thank-you present," she said, and sank to her knees and dove under my skirt to lick my cunt to orgasm. She gives the best head of anyone—man or woman—I've ever been with. It doesn't hurt that Kate loves the taste of my pussy and making me come. I love eating her, too, so we're a great fit.

After that, she bounced around picking out an outfit for the show, which wouldn't start until midnight. Once she'd selected her favorite red dress—a snug-fitting one that emphasized her ample tits, hips and curvy ass—I took her to dinner at her favorite restaurant. Since it's a low-key vegetarian place—most people were wearing earth-tone colors—my glammed-out Kate garnered a lot of attention and was doted on by the staff. I noticed other patrons checking her out and was extra proud to call her my girlfriend.

When we got to the venue, I

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

bought Kate a drink and a t-shirt, already picturing how the cute black shirt would look with her breasts nestled inside it. The band has fans of all stripes, but we certainly weren't the only lady-loving ladies there. We made our way toward the stage, and I couldn't help cupping Kate's ass as I stood next to her.

"This is the best birthday ever!" she exclaimed, then proceeded to kiss me deeply. By the time the show was about to start, I didn't care that I was about to be subjected to loud rock music for an hour or more. I was too horny from making out with my girlfriend to mind.

The lead singer walked onstage and greeted the audience by tearing her own t-shirt down the front to show off her black latex bra. With that, she ripped into the first song, and even I was swept away with the crowd's passion for the music.

I moved behind Kate so I could feel her supple ass press against me, and I held her close throughout the whole show. During between song banter, the lead singer, Amy, asked if anyone was celebrating a birthday. Kate didn't immediately raise her hand, so I raised it for her. The singer bent down and held the mic out to Kate, asking her name. She whispered her answer and was rewarded with a kiss on the lips! The crowd roared, and I knew Kate would be over the moon.

The rest of the show went fast, and after the encore, we were getting ready to leave when there was a tap on my shoulder. A big butch woman said, "Your presence is requested backstage." Well, we weren't about to say no, even though at that point I didn't think anything could top the evening we'd had. "We'll be there in a minute," I answered.

"Oh my God!" Kate looked at me, her eyes wide. "What if she wants to . . . have a threesome with us?"

"You have such a dirty mind, Kate. I'm sure she just wants to wish you a happy birthday." Even as I said it, though, I realized that my girlfriend might be right. Her idol might want to get her rocks off after a long night. Or maybe she wanted the chance to hook up with my babe?

"Well, what if she does? How would you feel about it?" I looked at my beautiful girl and knew that fucking her idol would be a dream come true. I couldn't deny her that, and besides, even though we'd never had anyone join us before, I wasn't opposed to the idea.

"As long as I got to at least watch, I'd be okay with it," I said, and Kate immediately jumped on me. I'm strong enough that I can hold her up for a little while, and, with her legs wrapped around my waist and arms around my neck, I kissed her until the charismatic singer herself peeked her head out.

"Ready for me?" She asked it with a knowing tone of voice, and I put Kate down. We walked over and were greeted with hugs before being led down a hallway. Then we walked into a room far nicer than what I'd imagined "backstage" might entail. The walls were red, the room wasn't filled with smoke, there was a spread of food and drinks out, and people were sitting around, casually chatting. "So, it's really your birthday?" Amy asked.

"Yes. And this is my girlfriend," she said breathlessly, pulling me close to her.

"You two are the hottest things I've seen so far on this tour. I'm only in town for the night, but if you're game, maybe we could have some fun."

"Yes, we are," Kate said. "You're so beautiful." I pinched her lightly to stop her from embarrassing herself.

"Great—then let's go to the hotel. See you later," she called out to the people behind her, and just like that,

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format
Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

we were ushered into a limo, where I watched the two of them make out. Kate sat on my lap while Amy, who was almost a foot taller than Kate, ran her hands up and down Kate's body. Sure, Amy had the rock thing going for her, but there was something else beautiful that I was seeing: Kate with another woman.

The only time I'd had a threesome in the past, with a guy, I'd been jealous of the way he'd made love to the girl he'd invited to join us, but this was different. Knowing that made me eager to see what would happen when we were finally alone.

"When we get to the hotel, I can get you two anything you'd like from room service—food, Champagne, even sex toys." At my shocked expression, Amy laughed and said, "Seriously, it's true."

I didn't think we needed anything beyond the three of us, but the idea of ordering up sex toys was too fun not to partake in. "Kate likes to be tied up," I volunteered, since it was true. Plus I liked the idea of not just Amy knowing that, but also some random clerk at the hotel.

"Good to know—I enjoy tying pretty girls up," Amy said. Soon we'd arrived, and we were ushered inside by a staff member and shown to a special elevator and went up to Amy's suite. It was the fanciest one I'd ever seen, with two adjoining rooms, a gigantic bed, huge TV and well-stocked mini bar. "I think you should take all your clothes off," Amy told Kate. Kate looked at me for a moment, as if asking for my permission. I smiled at her, and when Amy turned on her stereo, we were both treated to a striptease.

"Isn't she gorgeous?" I asked, again marveling at the way it felt to obsess over Kate's sexiness with another woman who appreciated her as much as I did. As Kate writhed to the music, I looked at Amy, whose own nipples were hard beneath her top. Suddenly, I wanted to kiss her, so I did—I had nothing to lose! Soon the three of us were taking turns making out. As I groped Kate's ass, I felt Amy's hand also roaming around the same area.

"I'm going to request handcuffs," Amy said as she broke away from us.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

The next thing I heard was, "Yes, can you please send a female clerk up to my room with padded wrist cuffs?" I guess this hotel was used to accommodating such requests, because only five minutes later, a very cute woman came to the door. Amy ushered her in and there, on a silver platter, were padded cuffs.

"Would you do the honors, Tracy?" Amy asked, looking at her nametag.

"Sure," the woman said, and then Amy and I held Kate's wrists behind her back while Tracy secured the cuffs around each one, and then chained them together. Amy tipped her twenty dollars and off she departed, casting a wistful look back at us before she shut the door.

show off her shaved pussy.

"You want to eat her cunt, don't you, Kate?" I asked.

"Yes, if it's okay with you."

"It's more than okay. I'm ordering you to do it." With that, I dragged my girlfriend by the hair over toward her idol, placing her lips upon Amy's sex, and Kate went to town. Just as she does with me, she ate her favorite singer's pussy with gusto, getting used to the rhythm Amy wanted. Soon Amy was crying out, but Kate didn't let up until Amy gently pushed her head away and said to me, "Your turn."

I'd never had anyone watch me getting head, and I suddenly felt self-conscious. Amy must have sensed

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

We unfastened Kate's bonds and then took turns teasing her until she came against Amy's fingers.

"I think Kate should have to pleasure both of us, don't you?" Amy asked.

"Yes, that's exactly what I think." My cunt was dripping wet by then, and I was eager to see what Amy would do with Kate. I was sure Kate would practically come merely from being so close to Amy's sex. But with her arms bound behind her back, I knew my girlfriend would have limited mobility. "Why don't I hold her in place so she can focus on eating you?"

"I like the way you think," Amy said. Soon she was stripping down, baring all of herself. She had multiple piercings—in each nipple and along her labia. She got up on the bed, propped herself against several pillows, and spread her legs wide to

this because she moved to kiss me. Her lips were soft, and as her tongue dove between my lips while Kate's worked between my legs, I delighted in the thrill of having two hot women at once. I didn't last long, coming quickly against my girlfriend's mouth. We unfastened Kate's bonds and then took turns spanking and teasing her until she came against Amy's fingers.

"Well, you two, this has been grand, but I have to get up early tomorrow, so I have to say good-night. I hope you'll be in the front row next time I'm in town."

"We sure will be," Kate said, and we left with the knowledge that this had been the best birthday ever.

(Name and address withheld)

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Text "PENTHOUSE®" to 50501

Don't keep these girls waiting!

3 babes a week...every week...

$9.99/month subscription, 3 messages/pictures sent per week.

You must be 18 or older to participate. Message and data rates may apply.
Charges will appear on your wireless phone bill or be deducted from your pre-paid balance.
Visit (http://50501.mobi) to read our Terms & Conditions. Text STOP to 50501 cancel.
Available in the US on AT&T, Alltel, Cricket, Sprint, Verizon and in Canada on Rogers and Telus.
PENTHOUSE® is a registered trademark of General Media Communications, Inc. Used by permission.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Stormegs.com

Before she goes onstage, Alexis likes to unwind in the sauna. It gives her a chance to relax, but it never fails to turn her on. The heat makes her horny, and soon she's riled and randy. Warmed inside and out, she reaches for her wet slit. Alexis strokes herself eagerly and doesn't care if anyone sees her. She is determined to get herself off and can't wait another minute.

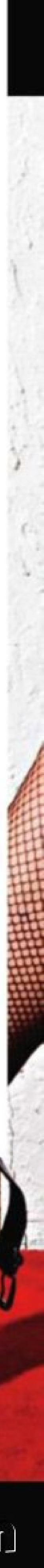
Storemagz.com

Sie

StoreMags.com

Alexis makes herself come, delighting in the steamy heat as she pets her pussy. Her orgasm makes her tremble all over—but she's so hot, she needs to do it again.

Stormejs.com



Stormtgs.com

Once sated, Alexis is ready to deliver a show to her adoring fans. For her burlesque act, she dons her favorite hat, fishnets and lingerie. None of it hides her beautiful pussy—because she wants it to be seen.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Alexis spreads her legs and plays with her clit. The audience can tell that this is more than just an act. This shameless erotic display is the real thing, and as her climax overtakes her, she's rewarded with their wild applause.

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Naughty Inspiration

Lisa loves helping her husband write his erotic novels, especially when she can use her best asset to assist him with his risqué research.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

By Lisa Garcia

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

MY HUSBAND makes his living as a writer, and like anyone in his profession, he can be susceptible to writer's block. Fortunately, Rudy's particular niche—he's an erotic novelist—makes it easy for me to help him avoid such problems. I'm his muse in a very practical sense: I help him come up with explicit scenes for his books by acting on my own salacious impulses. Rudy likes to say that my libido is "stuck in overdrive," and I guess he's right. I'm an adventurous, uninhibited woman who is absolutely crazy about sex—especially anal sex. There's a lot of backdoor action in my husband's books for the simple reason that it's my favorite kind.

Rudy knows it doesn't take much to get my creative juices flowing, so to speak. One Saturday last fall, for instance, he came out of his office and made a show of being frustrated. He'd been holed up all morning, working on his latest book. "I don't know, Lisa," he said, rubbing his eyes. "It's just not flowing today."

He was exaggerating; I'd heard his fingers clicking away at the computer all morning. However, that didn't mean he couldn't use a little fresh inspiration. "You need a break," I said. "Let's get out of the house. It's a beautiful day. How about a picnic?" My mind raced ahead, imagining the possibilities. "I'll put together a basket. We can have lunch in that glade behind the house. Maybe you'll get some new ideas for the book."

Rudy smiled, and I saw a twinkle in his eye. With his dark, unruly hair, mischievous blue eyes and tall, slender frame, Rudy is as sexy-handsome today as he was when we got married five years ago. I had to fight down an impulse to take him by the hand and lead him back to the bedroom. What I had in mind would be worth the wait.

Fifteen minutes later, equipped with bread, cheese, a bottle of wine and a blanket, we strolled along the little path that leads from our backyard into the woods. We're fortunate to live on the boundary of a large tract of national forest land. Summer was long past, but the recent spate of cold, dreary weather had given way to a glorious Indian-summer day. I wore a skimpy sundress and sandals, the better to feel the sun's rays on my skin. Rudy didn't know it yet, but I wore nothing underneath.

He glanced at my brief attire as I tripped along beside him. "I should have changed into shorts."

"I wouldn't worry about that, honey," I said coquettishly. "I imagine we'll get you out of those jeans before long."

He looked at me again, and this time his eyes lingered. He took in my shapely legs, perky breasts and, finally, the sexy curve of my behind, which he loves most of all. I saw his hunger and felt a surge of desire well up within me. I could hardly wait to feel his cock in my ass.

Soon we arrived at the small clearing. The sun was stronger there, warming a broad patch of leaf-strewn ground. We spread out the blanket and enjoyed our modest meal in complete privacy. The picnic, though, was merely a prelude to the main event, which I was eager to get started. As soon as I finished my glass of wine, I reached back and unzipped my dress. I could feel Rudy's stare as I pulled the dress over my head, kicked off my sandals, and lay back on my elbows, completely nude. My blonde hair swirled about my shoulders in casual disarray.

"Ahh," I sighed, letting my head fall back. "This feels *so* good." And it did. After weeks of cheerless gray skies, the sunny warmth flowing all over my naked body had a kind of transportive effect. As my skin heated up, my desire rose, too. My nipples tingled and my cunt grew slick. "There's one more thing in the picnic basket, honey," I said. "Would you get it for me, please?"

Rudy reached into the basket, found the small bottle of lube, and grinned. "Catch," he said, tossing it over. I snatched it out of the air. Then I opened my legs wide, exposing my naked vulva

Download In True PDF format
StoreMags.com - Free Magazines
Releaser: StoreMags & FantaMag

and tiny asshole to the staring eye of the sun. I keep the whole area free of pubic hair, except for a tiny patch of blonde fleece about the size of a quarter. Reaching down between my legs, I massaged a dollop of lube into and around the rim of my anus. It felt good; I sighed with pleasure.

Finally I looked at Rudy again. "Time to get those pants off," I said. My voice dripped with lust.

He pulled off his jeans, revealing the outline of his huge hard-on inside his boxer shorts.

"These too," I added, sitting up and taking hold of the waistband of his boxers.

In a moment Rudy lay half-naked beside me on the blanket. "Mmm, nice," I purred, curling my lubed hand around his big prick. I squeezed his rod and ran my fist up and down the shaft until he was thoroughly greased.

"Now lie back, and I'll give you something to write about," I declared. Rudy grinned like a Cheshire cat. When he lay prostrate I climbed atop him, aimed his meaty glans at my rear hole, and impaled myself. I took the descent slow and steady, unconsciously holding my breath until the full length and width of Rudy's organ was inside my butt. It felt like every nerve in my body was focused back there, locked in on the passage of his cock through my sphincter.

No matter how often Rudy and I have anal sex, it's always a singular experience. Taking Rudy's penis in my ass is a unique and special pleasure, so intensely good as to be almost indescribable. In my world, nothing else compares.

I bottomed out in his lap, flattening his balls beneath the globes of my ass. "That's it, honey," Rudy said softly. "You've got my whole cock in there. It's so tight, so warm . . . " His voice drifted off as he momentarily lost himself in the sublime sensations. The fit was so snug that I could feel every pulse and every throb of his shaft inside my core. I sat back for a moment to adjust my balance and get my feet under me. Then I rolled

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format
Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

my hips forward a bit, settling into one of my favorite positions for maximum penetration. My swollen clit pressed into Rudy's groin and sent auxiliary shivers of pleasure through my frame. I began to lift and lower myself on his pole, riding him with well-practiced vigor. He ran his hands along my flexing thighs and up the curve of my hips, then higher to my waist. He likes the feel of my whole body getting into it when I sit astride him. I arched my back and raked my fingers through my blonde hair, swept up in the sensuality of the moment.

All around us, the aspens stood watch. Their quaking leaves drifted down silently, carpeting the ground in autumn hues. Other than the chirps of a few curious birds, Rudy's grunts and my own sighs of delight were the only sounds in the clearing. My passionate cries were becoming louder and louder as I rocked atop Rudy. His hands went to my bouncing breasts and covered them, making my stiff nipples spark with pleasure. His cock felt incredibly large as it bored repeatedly into my anal channel. My sphincter began to clench and unclench around that thick probe as a climax of mammoth proportions stole upon me.

"Oh, here it comes—I'm coming!" My voice was strained with emotion. I pressed my hands to Rudy's chest and gyrated against him, feeling both my asshole and my cunt grind against his root. For a full minute I couldn't even see straight. My pussy juices flowed freely into Rudy's pubic hair and my anus repeatedly squeezed his cock. At last I collapsed onto Rudy's chest with his rod still inside me. I knew he was close to coming, too. "Keep fucking me," I whispered in his ear. "Keep fucking my ass until I feel your dick explode in there."

Rudy stroked my hair and kissed me, then rolled us both over so that he was on top. "Your ass feels incredible," he said. Deftly, he powered his prick in and out of my anal opening, his limber body rising and falling above me. My own passion stirred anew, making me writhe beneath him. Rudy rose up to his knees,

My sphincter began to clench and unclench around that thick probe as a climax of mammoth proportions stole upon me.

and I lifted my ankles to his shoulders. He grabbed hold of my thighs and really let go, slamming his cock into my ass with lightning-quick thrusts. I reached down and toggled my clit, adding new waves of pleasure to those already flowing through me. With my other hand I reached around to squeeze one of my asscheeks and hold it apart from the other, the better to get every inch of Rudy's shaft inside me.

It took him only a few minutes longer to pass the point of no return. The semen finally erupted from his crown when it was deep in my back passage, instigating another release for me, too. I undulated against the blanket and cried out with unchecked passion. My backdoor massaged

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format
Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Friedmags.com

Rudy's penis until he gave up the last of his load. With a final shudder he pulled out and collapsed beside me. We looked up at the treetops for a while, catching our breath.

Rudy did, indeed, adapt our picnic encounter for the novel he was working on at the time, and I was only too happy to have helped. Another, more recent experience also proved useful, but this one was entirely unplanned. We were out hiking one early September day when we happened upon a stretch of two-lane blacktop that had been closed due to the construction of a four-lane expressway nearby. It was a rural area, and pretty remote, with tree-covered hills and unspoiled valleys stretching all the way to the horizon. Curious, Rudy and I stepped around the "Road Closed" sign and walked along the pavement for a while. We were surprised to find that it went on for about a mile, complete with yellow stripes painted down the middle. Far off in the distance, we could see where the road abruptly ended in a pile of boulders.

It was a strange feeling to be able to walk freely down the middle of a perfectly good road and not worry about cars coming along. My natural inclination to view settings and situations with sexual intent soon kicked into gear.

"You know," I said to Rudy, stepping sprightly out in front of him, "this old road is completely abandoned and forgotten. We're totally alone out here. We could do anything we want."

Rudy arched an eyebrow at me. "I suppose we could," he said. "What do you have in mind?"

"Well, if there's a club for people who have fucked in the middle of a street in broad daylight, I bet it's pretty exclusive." I unzipped my shorts and dropped them to the asphalt.

"I bet you're right," he agreed.

"And you know me," I went on, removing my t-shirt and bra, "I love getting naked any old place."

"That you do," my husband remarked, smiling broadly now.

I dispatched my underwear next, and

stood proudly on the blacktop in nothing but my sneakers and socks. The day was mild and the light breeze felt wonderful against my bare skin. You could almost smell the change of seasons in the air as summer gave way to autumn. Caught up in a feeling of rising excitement, I threw my arms wide and danced gleefully along the yellow stripes in the middle of the road. Rudy laughed, but I could see he was getting turned on by my naked antics. The bulge in his shorts was a dead giveaway. I went back to him, and using my discarded shorts to cushion my knees, I knelt at his feet.

"You never stop," Rudy said happily.

"MMMM," was all I could reply, because I'd extricated his hard-on from his shorts and lowered my mouth over the portly cap. Rudy's cock was warm and thick between my lips. As I swirled my tongue all over his luscious tool, I cupped his balls and rolled them in my palm. Rudy moaned and stroked my jawline with his finger. Bobbing back and forth, I sucked on his pole with such enthusiasm that, after only a minute or two, it began to twitch with the telltale signs of an impending eruption.

"Not yet," I said, sitting back on the blacktop. I wanted to save the power of his pent-up lust for my ass. I knew he did, too.

"You look good enough to eat," Rudy remarked, eyeing my curvy body and, in particular, the cleft between my legs.

"Then why don't you?" I opened my thighs wide. "Come on, taste me," I implored him.

Rudy knelt down and lowered his head to my crotch. His fingers spread my pussy lips open and his tongue snaked inside. I shuddered at the sudden delicious feeling. "Suck my clit," I pleaded, pushing my vulva against his mouth.

"You're sopping wet." Rudy's voice was muffled by my juicy cunt. He pressed his lips to my hot button, while at the same time dipping a finger into my sodden depths. Then he placed his lubed digit against my asshole and pushed it inside. I quivered with pleasure and moaned loudly.

"That's it, Rudy," I cried. "Fuck my tiny hole with your finger."

He pumped it in and out, going all the way to the knuckle with each thrust. Meanwhile his tongue flicked across my swollen clit, faster and faster until I lost control. "Yeow," I screamed into the wide blue sky. My thighs clenched against Rudy's ears as the orgasm ripped through me. Rudy replaced his finger with his tongue and rimmed my backdoor, making my climactic spasms go on even longer.

When at last I could catch my breath, I rolled over and lay flat on my stomach, embracing the asphalt. Its black, pebbly-rough surface had been heated by the sun and felt uniquely pleasurable against my skin.

"There's lube in the pocket of my shorts," I called to Rudy. I never leave home without it!

He was back in a second. Without looking, I heard him strip off his shorts, and then there was only the sound of his quickened breathing while he applied the lube to his dick. I arched my hips, lifting my butt into the air. "Now fuck my ass," I rasped, sounding a little frantic. I was truly desperate to feel his cock penetrate me back there.

Rudy knelt behind me, and the next instant I felt the tip of his penis nudge my back hole. He placed his hands on my asscheeks in preparation of a forward thrust. I completed the job by lifting my rump sharply higher. Just like that his cockhead popped through my anal ring and filled up the space beyond.

"Unh," Rudy grunted. I envied his ability to see it all, to watch in minute detail as his big, meaty stick stretched my anus and vanished inside. He spread the orbs of my ass wider with his hands and leaned forward to drive deeper up my rear passage. I gasped with satisfaction, completely in tune with the sense

FlordeMaga.com

of fullness I was feeling back there. My anal opening—tight but pliant—welcomed every inch of Rudy's shaft. When that lengthy spike was completely buried in my ass, Rudy squeezed my fleshy cheeks and then eased halfway out, only to drive home again. He began sawing in and out, cleaving my derriere with gusto. I loved every moment of his prick being inside me.

As I lurched and rocked under the force of my husband's eager thrusts, I remained aware of the uniqueness of our setting. It was easy to visualize cars rolling along there not too long ago, right where Rudy and I were enjoying our audacious anal fuck. It was easy to imagine that a car might *still* come along at any second.

Then my cravings reasserted themselves, blotting out all other thoughts. I yearned for the deepest, fullest anal sensations possible. Raising myself up onto all fours, I rocked back at Rudy. He stroked my hips and grabbed fistfuls of my hair as he pounded into my butt faster and faster. Soon I was moaning and screeching like a wildcat, and there wasn't anything I could do about it; I was in feral mode. Nobody could hear me anyway, except Rudy, of course, and my savage sounds only served to enflame his lust. He grabbed hold of my hips, jacked ferociously into my ass a dozen times more, and then released his load with a crazy animal cry of his own. I felt his cream spurt violently, far up inside my channel. The feeling triggered a massive climax for me, too. I pitched forward and back on my hands and knees, slamming backward against Rudy as my tiniest hole sought to siphon every last drop of his come. I was soon filled with an enormous volume of semen back there, so much so that when Rudy at last withdrew, a liberal amount of the white stuff leaked out and puddled on the road.

Rudy made good use of that encounter in his erotic writings, too. He never lets a good scene go to waste—and I make sure he's never stumped for ideas. It's a perfect relationship!

Sperl-Lee.com

Anal Sex letters

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

THE TABLES ARE TURNED WHEN HE FINDS HIMSELF ON THE RECEIVING END OF HER HUGE STRAP-ON

I had been a fan of anal sex for a long time, but I'd never been on the receiving end. So when Janelle, my girlfriend, suggested we give it a try, I jumped at the opportunity—and so did my cock.

"But how?" was my next thought, which I voiced to her. My prick had been in her asshole numerous times by that point in our relationship. However, she didn't naturally have that particular appendage, so I began imagining other phallic invaders such as fingers, plugs, and maybe even a strap-on. To my great excitement, she suggested the latter.

It turned out that she'd had a lot of

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

experience in this area with previous boyfriends. She'd said it was the sense of power it gave her that really turned her on. That sounded cool to me. As this conversation took place, we were already in bed and naked because we'd been fooling around. My erection, which was only at half-mast, perked up when she reached into a drawer and pulled out a plastic penis and a leather harness.

My heart raced as she wrapped the straps around her waist and buckled them behind her. The base of the toy was now pressed against her pussy, making it look as though it had actually sprouted from her body. Flesh-colored and veiny, it had lifelike balls hanging from the bottom, and my asshole fluttered at the thought that those silicone orbs would soon be bouncing against my upper thighs.

I tried to catch my breath as I watched Janelle slather the head and shaft with copious amounts of Astroglide. Then, after telling me to get up on my forearms and knees, she snaked her fingers between my bottom cheeks to rub some of the cool gel on my tight crimp, applying more and more pressure against it until one slender digit slipped in. I gasped as she pulled out and plunged back in a few times, preparing me for the much larger invader.

My cock was throbbing, and it hadn't even been touched—I couldn't believe the effect her finger-fucking had on me. What would happen when she was penetrating me with the strap-on? Then I felt her hands spreading my asscheeks, the lube-slick head of the toy butting against them. Next, that bulbous knob slid along my crack as she positioned herself at my opening, which was followed by more pressure. However, this time she didn't slide in as easily, partly because I was so excited that it was really hard to relax, and partly because she didn't have as much control over her movements as I might have if I were in her position.

It took some time, but we eventually got it together. Holding on to me tightly, she pressed forward, and I felt my anus opening as she worked her way inside. Slowly, she filled me with inch after inch of the rigid toy. Then, when the plastic balls were flush against my buttocks, Janelle moaned, and it was the first time I realized that, with the base of the strap-on stimulating her clitoris, she might get as much pleasure out of this as I did.

Still grasping my waist but not moving, she kept the dildo buried in my butt for a few moments longer. If I hadn't known better, I would say it actually grew larger in there; that thick rod in my narrow passageway felt fucking huge! It seemed to swell even further when she started swiveling her hips so that it moved around in my anal cavity and forced my hole to open even wider for her.

Holding on to me tightly, she pressed forward, and I felt my anus opening as she worked her way inside.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

FloralKeef.com

My cock steadily leaked pre-come as Janelle ground her body against me, and I could tell that her pussy was also sopping because of the heady scent permeating the air. Her fingers dug into my flesh, and then I felt the toy's large head moving as she extracted it. I thought she was going to pull out completely, and I found myself strangely excited by the prospect of having my asshole re-penetrated. However, the head of the ersatz dick remained lodged just past my tight ring of muscle so she could slide back in easily.

Janelle stroked my back reassuringly and murmured a few words that I couldn't make out over the thumping of my heart. The banging seemed to get even louder as she began pumping her hips back and forth, sliding the rigid phallus in and out between my cheeks. Each time she pushed forward, she grunted when the toy's base put pressure on her aroused clit, and when I glanced over my shoulder I saw the ecstasy that she was feeling. It was written all over her beautiful face. That turned me on so much that some more pre-come oozed from my prick.

That's exactly what happened; she skimmed along my inner canal as she pressed forward until her pelvis was once again flush with my bottom cheeks. Reflecting on the times I had fucked women's asses, I realized that things were about to get really wild, so I braced myself for it, my cock as hard as steel. However, she surprised me by performing another slow extraction of the toy, but this time, she shoved back into me so hard and fast that my whole body was shoved forward, and I let out a noise I'd never made before.

That wasn't the only cause of my excitement. Feeling the synthetic penis sliding in and out of my nether hole and stuffing me so full was unlike anything I'd ever experienced. I realized then how wonderful it must be to be a woman, to relinquish control like that whenever you want. Not that *my* woman had given up control; with her hands firmly on my hips, she was guiding the pace of our coupling, thrusting into me so forcefully that the bedsprings beneath us were squealing. Drops of her sweat

FloralEgg.com

landed on my back as she huffed and puffed behind me, and soon, my balls drew inward, their contents churning wildly.

Then Janelle gasped, and I wondered if she could come just from fucking my butt. It seemed like she was close—I could feel her quivering, which jostled the silicone invader in my rear end. My dick throbbed as her velocity increased, and when she started groaning loudly, I guessed that she was trying to elicit her own orgasm by stimulating her clit with the toy as she drove into me.

I wanted badly to help her but I didn't know what to do. Then I thought about what my girlfriend did whenever I fucked her ass. Rearing my body backward, I met her inward thrusts so that we repeatedly slammed together. Now I could hear a loud slapping sound as skin met skin, and we were able to fuck even faster. The strap-on rammed into me at a dizzying speed, and I clutched the sheets even tighter, convinced that if I didn't, we were going to end up on the floor.

However, we managed to stay on the bed, and my cock was so hard at that point, it almost ached. I considered sliding one hand beneath me to jerk off, but I was already so close to climax that I decided to wait it out—I had a feeling that I wouldn't need to do anything to help myself. Janelle was obviously close, too; she was chanting, "Oh yeah, oh yeah," over and over and then she wrapped her arms around my waist and slammed into me, hard, one final time.

I felt her body trembling behind me, her skin warm and sweaty against mine as she rode the waves of her orgasm. The dildo was still lodged in my asshole, which contracted and released around it, waiting for the anal pounding to resume. Remaining patient was difficult, but I did my best because it was obvious that she needed a few minutes to collect herself. I'd never imagined that this would get her off so hard, and not only was I amazed, I now wanted her to finish me off even more.

Before long, Janelle relaxed her hold and began drawing the silicone shaft out of my butt. My erection throbbed in response. Her energy now restored, she got right back to sawing between my cheeks: She'd pull out until only the tip of the dick remained on the other side of my tight ring, and then she'd push right back in until I was stuffed full.

I could feel in my balls that I was going to come any minute, and neither she nor I had touched my dick at any point! It remained ramrod hard, though I knew I would soon release a huge load of cream. Then my anus contracted around my girlfriend's "cock," forcing her to plow into me even harder to keep penetrating the ring of muscle that was now as tight as a vise.

Suddenly, and without warning,

I could hear a loud slapping sound as skin met skin. The strap-on rammed into me at a dizzying speed.

Shop The All New
PENTHOUSESTORE.com
UNLOCK THE LIFESTYLE

Nikki Benz
PENTHOUSE Pet™ 2011
of the year

we know what you want...
APPAREL • LINGERIE • TOYS • DVD/VOD • AND MORE
Save 15% With Code: [illegible]

PENTHOUSE, PENTHOUSE Pet™, the One Key Logo and the Little Devil Girl are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. used by permission.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

FANATICEX.COM

she reached around and grabbed hold of my turgid member. "Do it," she demanded, her fingers fixed around my shaft. "I want you to come." While continuing to slam into my asshole, she pumped my dick a few times, and a moment later, I saw stars as my balls released their contents all over the mattress. Shot after shot of hot semen spurted from the tiny slit in my cockhead, and whenever I thought it would stop, another shot blasted forth. Janelle reached another orgasm, too, and she cried out her pleasure behind me, her pelvis quivering against my asscheeks.

I don't think I had ever come that hard or for that long, and I had my new girlfriend to thank for introducing me to this new pleasure. And I continue to thank her every time she puts on her lifelike dildo and fucks my ass with it. It is one of the things that keeps our relationship strong, and I am so lucky to have Janelle and her trusty strap-on as part of my life.

Mr. Drew B.,
Springfield, Illinois

While continuing to slam into my asshole, she pumped my dick a few times, and my balls released their contents.

A BUTT PLUG HELPS ANAL-LOVING COUPLE DOUBLE THEIR FUN

My butt plug was firmly in place by the time Henry got undressed, and I lay down on the bed so he could climb on top of me. We'd been sleeping together every night for weeks, but we hadn't had anal sex in nearly as long. The butt plug, we figured, would be a good way to warm up while we got it on the old-fashioned way.

Henry rolled a condom on and then slipped into my pussy, which was dripping from the anticipation and earlier foreplay. He started to thrust slowly, his stiff cock sliding smoothly in and out of me, and it felt really good. I could feel his dick rubbing against the butt plug through the thin barrier that separated them, and I wondered if it was giving him the same pleasure it was giving me.

His easy pace was driving me crazy, and each time his cock slid against the ridges of the toy buried in my ass, it turned me on further. The way the two shafts pressed together through my vaginal wall was arousing, and I could feel the sensations in my pussy and ass, which was incredibly intense. For all the times we'd had sex in our three-year relationship, we'd never thought to fuck while I wore a butt plug, and for the life of me, I couldn't understand why. It was one of the best feelings I'd ever experienced during sex.

As Henry started to move faster, his thrusts rocked my body, making the silicone toy shift within my ass. It added another level of pleasure to the already-overwhelming experience, and I felt the need to buck against him to make sure the sensations didn't stop before I was ready.

When my boyfriend started to really move, pounding into my pussy

NAUGHTY LOCAL GIRLS!
TRY ME FREE!
1-800
680-8777
18+

MY LIPS
YOUR COCK!
GET 15 Mins. FREE
ALL GIRLS FROM HOME
• HOT BLONDES, BRUNETTES, REDHEADS
• EUROPEAN, ASIAN AND LOCAL SLUTS
• BI-SEXUAL, SHE-MALES
• HOUSEWIVES & COLLEGE SLUTS
BUY MY WORN BRA AND PANTIES
$26.99 Flat/Per Call 18+
1-800-508-7725

HOT LOCAL GIRLS!
Real Sex Connections
1-800
676-1110
49¢
Min
18+

XXX LIVE PHONE SEX
Cum – play with my Tits!
1-888-278-TITS
1-888-278-8487
Call Now. 1-on-1. $2.98/min. 18+

Live Local
Totally FREE to try
1-206-
208-6000
Real live talk
Real girls from your area!
1-800-700-CUNT
2868
no per-minute fees, 18+ Long distance/air time may apply

storeKeeper.com

like a jackhammer, I knew he was as aroused as I was, and that soon the delicious double penetration would end. I thrust my hand between our bodies and started playing with my clit, amping up the pleasure until I finally came, my pussy and ass clenching so tightly as I climaxed that I thought the butt plug would be pushed right out of me. It was an amazing orgasm, and I savored it as long as I could, knowing that Henry would be pulling out of me any second. But I was looking forward to the quality ass-fucking he was sure to give me, and I knew that would more than make up for the fact that only one of my holes would be filled.

Moments before he could get too worked up to stop, Henry pulled his cock out of my spasming cunt and paused for a moment to catch his breath. When he'd taken a long enough break to ensure he wouldn't explode the second he got his dick in my ass, he reached down and pulled out my butt plug, leaving my sphincter open for him.

He dipped his fingers into my pussy and coated them with my slick juices, then pushed two of those digits into my asshole. The warm-up had really loosened my ass, and his fingers slipped inside without trouble, allowing him to adequately lube my rear entrance. That alone could have gotten me off in minutes, but he stopped twirling his fingers before I had a chance to come.

Before I could get upset about being cheated out of an orgasm, he slid his cock past my open sphincter and filled my ass with dick. He filled me completely, more than the butt plug had, and I forgot all about my desire to have my pussy stuffed at the same time. I didn't need that anymore, not with Henry's fat cock filling my ass so nicely.

When he started to thrust, it took only a half-dozen in-and-out strokes before I had my first anal-centered climax of the evening. It came on me swiftly; I was more turned on than I'd thought.

Henry continued thrusting through my climax, and instead of calming down after the first wave of pleasure passed over me, I started to get worked up again. I felt each thrust, my ass hugging his dick tightly, and each time he thrust it seemed like I experienced new sensations. It felt like he was trying to drive me crazy! I wanted to come again, and I wanted to come soon.

After a few minutes of steady fucking, he started to vary his pace. He slowed down for long, deep strokes, then sped up for short, shallow ones. Every time I thought I was about to come, he would change things up, keeping me on edge for what seemed like an eternity. It was both frustrating and fabulous.

When Henry started frantically thrusting into me, his hips slapping against mine steadily, I thought he

I came, my ass clenching so tightly as I climaxed that I thought the plug would be pushed out of me.

PENTHOUSE
TOYS
Secrets
collection

WANNA KNOW
MY SECRET?

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Find the Penthouse® Secrets Collection at
www.PenthouseStore.com

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

was finally ready to climax and was going to give me the chance to have another orgasm. But that wasn't what he had in mind at all. Rather, at the very last second, right before either of us could explode, he pulled out and insisted we get into a new position. The third orgasm I wanted so desperately was really getting dragged out.

Henry got up on his knees and pulled me into his lap, so that my ass was lifted off the bed and my legs were hanging over his shoulders. It didn't give us a lot of room for leverage, and I wondered how he was going to make our new position work.

He slid his cock into me again and started to pump me slowly. Whatever arousal I'd felt earlier seemed to have dwindled, and it felt like he was going to have to build up my orgasm from scratch this time. I only hoped he wouldn't draw out the process again.

His slow strokes eventually gave way to faster and faster fucking, and soon Henry had to shift our positions so that my legs were over my own shoulders and he was angled over me, giving him the ability to thrust harder. And that's exactly what he did. He started pistoning in and out of me with a force I'd never experienced with him, and sooner than I thought, I felt myself on the verge of my much-anticipated orgasm.

I reached around Henry and grabbed his ass, pulling him into me even more deeply. When I felt his dick start to throb inside me, I knew he was on the edge himself, and that finally I'd reach my last climax.

It took only ten or twelve more strokes before I'd had enough, and I dug my fingers into my boyfriend's ass as I shrieked with delight. I don't know what it was that did it, but that orgasm was the best I'd ever had. And I hadn't even fingered my pussy or clit at all to achieve it!

Henry had a pretty explosive orgasm, too. He grunted loudly as he came, and I felt him shoot into my ass. I was sure when he pulled out of me, the reservoir tip of his condom would be full to breaking with his wad. I was also sure he'd never come so much in his life.

Henry had a pretty explosive orgasm. He grunted as he came, and I felt him shoot into my ass.

After pulling out of me and going to the bathroom to dispose of the used condom and drop the butt plug in the sink to be washed, Henry curled up against me in bed. "That was amazing!" I told him. "Why have we never done that before?" He laughed, and I felt his body shake against mine. "I think we should do it again," I insisted. "Soon."

Henry didn't put up any arguments, and now we don't go more than a week without breaking out my butt plug for some dual penetration action. My ass has never been fucked so well!

Ms. Valerie K.,
Austin, Texas

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

TWO HORNY DUDES FIND A WAY TO SATISFY THEIR LATE-NIGHT LUST

"What do you mean she's not interested?" Steve asked, clearly having a hard time getting over the idea that there were girls out there we couldn't lure home with the promise of a dip in his hot tub. "I thought you had this on lock."

"Look, man, her friend isn't down," I told him. "They like us, all right, but your girl, she's kind of a prude. And if she doesn't come, my girl won't, either. So, no girls."

"That's such crap!" Steve said.

I agreed with him, but there was nothing we could do. The girl Steve had been hitting on all night had dragged her friend off to the bar and then disappeared completely. I wasn't sure what her problem was, since she'd been all over Steve like white on rice all night. But when she got it in her mind that she was over him, she bolted. And the worst part was she took my girl with her. Seanna and I had been hitting it off, and then all of a sudden she was gone. I'd really been expecting to get laid that night, too. And I would have if Steve hadn't struck out.

"Dude, it's not my fault!" he bellowed when I pointed that out to him. "You saw her. She was totally into me . . . until she wasn't. There's no way I could've made that work."

I knew he was right, but I was still pissed that I'd be taking care of business myself that night. It had been a couple weeks since I'd gone out and found a girl worth nailing, and I'd been hoping I'd find some chick who could give my dick a workout. Seanna had seemed like the type to deliver an all-out fucking, so I hadn't laid any groundwork with any of the other chicks in the bar. Now it was too late; they'd all been snapped up by other horny dudes.

"There's another option, you know," Steve said, interrupting my depressing thoughts of solo sex. "What do you think?"

On more than a few occasions, Steve and I had been a little drunk and a lot horny, and we'd ended up helping each other out, sucking each other's dick so the night wouldn't be a total waste. No one knew, and it wasn't like we were sleeping together or anything. We merely helped each other work out the sexual frustration when there were no girls around and our hands wouldn't do the trick.

"Sure," I said. "Let's get out of here. If we wait too long I'll end up with blue balls."

We went back to my apartment, which was walking distance from the bar, and flipped a coin to see who would suck whose dick first. (That's the good thing about hooking up with another guy. The whole thing is very organized.) I won the coin toss, so Steve was going to play the role of cocksucker first.

I unzipped my pants and pushed

> Steve's ass was tight and hot, and with each stroke I got closer to blowing my load.

WWW.VARIATIONS.COM

young
&
innocent
Show me how to please you!
800.209.hope
$4.99 PER MIN. MUST BE 18+

Naughty Fun!
2sum
Fun!
1.800
BEG-9434
.99¢-$4.99 PER MIN. MUST BE 18+

Sexy
Bomb
Shell!
Blondes
always
do it
Better!
Call &
See
Why!
1.800
329
7222
-$4.99 PER MIN. MUST BE 18+

Where Local Girls
GO WILD!
Triple your
pleasure!
1.800
456
3FUCK
-$4.99 PER MIN. MUST BE 18+
www.xxxxxx.com

HOT, YOUNG
AND SEXY!
Call Me
Now!
800.216.2HOT
-$4.99 PER MIN. MUST BE 18+

them and my boxers down to my knees, while Steve knelt on the floor and took my dick in his mouth. He sucked my cock for a minute, but it wasn't enough, and I realized I really wanted to fuck. While Steve kept sucking, I thought about what I should do next, and I decided, the hell with it, I was going to fuck Steve. I pulled my dick out of his mouth and told him what I wanted. He agreed rather quickly, probably because he was as horny and desperate as I was, and while I stepped out of my pants, Steve took his off and got on the couch, ass in the air.

I'd fucked plenty of girls in the ass, so I knew what to do when faced with Steve's pale white butt. I aimed my spit-slick cock at his tight sphincter and started to push inside him. It took a minute or two to ease my dick all the way into Steve's ass, but once I did it felt exactly like the last chick's ass I'd fucked.

Steve still had his shirt on, so I fisted the sides in my hands and used the cloth to hold him while I thrust into him. I started slow, since I didn't think my buddy was used to having a cock in his ass, but as we both got used to the feeling of my dick shoved up his anus, I started to move faster. It wasn't exactly the same as fucking some hot babe—Steve's grunting wasn't turning me on the way my last hookup's sex sounds had—but I had no complaints. My cock was stuffed inside someone's ass, and I was giving him a good fucking. That had been the goal when we'd gone out that night—to fuck—so I didn't really care who it was I was screwing. I was getting off, and that's all that mattered.

Steve's ass was tight and hot, and with each stroke I got closer to blowing my load. The longer I fucked Steve, the easier it was to forget who I was with and let myself enjoy the workout my dick was getting. When I felt my cock begin to throb, I started pounding him harder, and he started grunting louder. I knew we wouldn't be fucking much longer—we were both about to come!

"Dude, faster!" he gasped a moment later, and I watched as one of his hands moved clumsily between his legs so he could jerk himself off.

I started thrusting faster, my hips pounding against his as I picked up my pace and really gave it to him. His body was moving erratically beneath mine, his jerking hand putting him off balance a bit, and I had to hold tighter to his shirt to be able to keep up the pace.

A few minutes later, Steve grabbed his balled-up briefs from the other side of the couch and fumbled with them, arranging them on the cushion beneath his body. When his body started jerking wildly, I knew he was pumping his cock frantically and trying to get himself off. Knowing how close he was to his climax, I started thrusting into him even harder than before.

Steve came after another minute or two of fucking and jerking, and he shot his load into his underwear. By that time, I was ready to explode, too, and when I knew it was about to happen, I pulled out of my buddy's ass and pumped my cock with one hand, shooting my load into the other.

I went into the bathroom to wash up, and then Steve took his turn. We each had a couple of beers and watched a replay of the game we'd missed earlier while out at the bar. After that, Steve called a cab and headed home.

I don't plan on fucking any other guys in the future, and I don't know if I'd fuck Steve again, but it's always good to have a backup plan when you need to get off and doing it yourself won't do the trick.

Mr. Luke F.,
Via E-Mail

WWW.VARIATIONS.COM

Explosive Orgasms...
800-601-8102
or visit www.enchantrix.com
Ah, the quest for an explosive orgasm! It's what you really need right now. At Enchantrix, we are Explosive Orgasm Experts. Our female Explosive Orgasm guides are trained in many techniques to enhance and expand your masturbation experience.
Masturbation never feels bad, of course, but we can make your Phone Sex Masturbation experience so much better! We specialize in advanced masturbation techniques such as:
• Tantric Masturbation • Guided Masturbation
• Tease and Denial • Chastity Training
• Orgasm Edging • Masturbation with Anal Play
• "Taste It" Post Masturbation Coaching
Experience mind-blowing orgasms tonight with an Enchantrix Phone Sex Masturbation Guide to lead the way!
Give Us A Call
ENCHANTRIX
EMPIRE
The Orgasm Experts
2.50 PER MINUTE • DISCREETLY BILLED TO YOUR CREDIT CARD • 18+

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Taming Tate

When Giselle sees Tate working out at the gym, she knows she has to have him—on her terms. He soon learns that paying her the proper respect can lead to the total bliss of surrender.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

By Giselle Booth

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

I WATCHED as the dark-haired Adonis bent down and pulled the weights behind his neck. He looked as if he were praying to the Nautilus machine. God, that made me wet. There he was, on his knees, teeth grit, face awash with pain and intensity—no clue to how a sight like that would make me feel. Right then, I decided I was going to take him home. I wanted to see if we could replicate that look—using different implements and machinery than the ones available at the gym, of course.

How to get him to notice me was my first battle. Not that men don't notice me on their own. But this boy seemed like the type of gym rat who only had eyes for himself—at least, where the mirrors were concerned. When he wasn't squeezing those baby blues closed in concentration, he was clocking the way his pecs danced and his biceps rippled in the floor-to-ceiling mirrors.

So maybe he wasn't Adonis. Maybe he was Narcissus.

I did what any smart domme would do. I got between him and his love affair with polished glass. After grabbing a set of the weights, I positioned myself directly between the object of my affection and his affection for his own reflection. At first, I could tell he was annoyed. How dare I make his workout routine even more difficult than he'd chosen for himself? But then I think he started to look me over. Even at the gym, I favor black. That day, I had on a black catsuit. I might as well have painted myself in the material. The fabric fit my body like a second skin. You've heard people say that an outfit leaves nothing to the imagination. I wouldn't claim that phrase for this suit. While nothing was hidden, I do believe that my prey's imagination began to run wild.

My long red hair was up in a ponytail, pulled tight so that not a single curl escaped. I don't wear makeup at the gym—I don't understand the women who do—but my eyes are large and green, and they don't require much attention to make them shine.

I did my reps, ignoring him purposefully, and then set the weights on the floor. "Would you mind?" I asked, moving to his machine. "You seem . . . *finished*."

He stood up quickly and wiped his sweat away with a towel. How gallant. I took over from him and let him watch as I worked the same amount of weight he'd been using. I think this struck fear into his heart. I also believe the fact tented his navy-blue shorts. He stammered something incoherent, and I said, "*Are* you finished?"

"What do you mean?"

"With your workout?"

"Oh," he nodded, shook his head, looked confused. I smiled. "Would you like to cool off with me?"

"Yes," he said.

"Please," I instructed.

He stared for half a beat, and then, as if the word was foreign, added, "please."

"Yes, please." I put the words together for him. "That's how you ought to respond to me—automatically, and without hesitation. If you want something I'm offering, you say, 'Yes, please.' Do you understand?"

"Yes," he said, but I could see that he didn't.

"Now, you say, 'Yes, Ma'am.'"

He sucked in his breath. Softly, so that nobody else could hear, he whispered, "Yes, Ma'am."

"Good boy. When we get back to my place, I expect you to turn up your volume control."

He seemed to unfreeze then. "I'll take a shower? Meet you in the lobby?"

I shook my head. "I want you like this." I ran a finger along his arm, feeling the sweat. A rush of pleasure ran through me, but I didn't let him see. I am nothing if not well contained. But I could tell this one was special. He was beautiful, if unschooled. I could not wait to tame him.

We left the gym together, hit the lobby, and rode the elevator up to my condo. "Did you move in to the building

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format
Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

fiorekaff.com

recently?" I asked. I'd have noticed him before. I'm good like that.

"Last week." He hesitated. "Ma'am." I hid my smile.

"Nice having amenities close by, isn't it?"

"Amenities?"

"The gym right downstairs, twenty-four hour doormen, taxis always waiting, a dominatrice on the thirtieth floor."

I actually thought I heard him gulp. "Did you say . . . " he started.

"Yes." We were at my floor. The doors opened, and I stepped out. If he followed, he was mine. If he made up some excuse—he'd left the water running, his dog needed a walk, he had to wash his hair—the game was over. I will admit I wasn't surprised at all to hear his footsteps following me down the hall.

I unlocked the door and stepped inside. He followed, staying back from me by several feet. He was scared. But his arousal overrode his fear.

"You like pain," I said, turning to face him. His cheeks were flushed, and not, I believed, solely from the workout.

"I like . . . "

"You don't have to repeat everything I say," I told him.

"But I . . . " he stammered. "I mean, you. I mean, how did you know? How can you tell?"

"It's written on your face," I said. "Now take off your shoes and socks."

He obeyed immediately, losing the Adidas and white athletic socks.

I smiled and put one hand on his shoulder, pushing hard. He went to his knees automatically. Good boy. He wouldn't be difficult to train at all. The desire beat so strongly inside him.

I turned and headed toward the bedroom. He followed me on his knees. I was glad he could not see the glee in my eyes. He hadn't needed to be told twice.

In the bedroom, I didn't speak to him. Not right away. I began to gather my favorite toys: the cuffs, the paddle, the ball gag, and the plug. I could already visualize the way he'd look, trussed in the center of my bed, the plug lubed up and

inserted into his tight anus, the backs of his thighs and his pert round ass decorated with welts from my crop.

"Have you submitted to a woman before?" I asked.

He looked so nervous sitting on his haunches. I hoped he wouldn't have an accident. Then I'd have to puppy-train him, with papers, and I didn't think he could handle that at the start.

"No, Ma'am," he said, "not outside of my fantasies." He cleared his throat. "Girls always think I'm the tough one."

"Ah," I said dismissively, "girls." I could easily imagine the type of girls he meant, too, the giggly blondes and the bubbly brunettes. He'd run into me instead. Dark auburn hair, big green eyes, nothing girlie about me.

"Take off your clothes," I told him. He didn't even try to stand up. He pulled off his sweat-soaked t-shirt, kicked off his shorts and Jockeys.

"They don't understand," he said, and I wondered if being naked was making it easier for him to confess. "They want me to take charge. All of them. That's all they ever want." He sounded sad, but beneath the sad he sounded hopeful.

"That's not what I want, baby," I said, and I reached for my crop and dragged the very tip along the line of his jaw. "That's the opposite of what I want." I bent down so I could speak right to his face. "You want to know what I want?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Right on cue.

"I want to make you look the way you did at the gym. Straining. Aching. In pain. I want to put that expression on your face for you. Would you like that?"

I could almost hear his heartbeat.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Have you always wanted that?"

"Oh, God—yes. Yes, Ma'am."

"Get on my bed."

He hurried to do what I'd said, but once up on the mattress, he clearly didn't know what to do next.

"Facedown, arms over your head."

He was in position almost before the words were past my lips.

"Do you need me to bind you down?"

Download in True PDF format
StoreMags.com - Free Magazines

I carefully attached one clamp to each nipple. He groaned, and I could see the pain in his face. The look made my pussy even wetter.

"Ma'am?"

"Will you require cuffs to stay in place, or can you hold yourself in the position I require?"

"I can," he said, "I mean, I will. I won't let you down."

I smiled again—behind his back. Soon, I would cuff him, bind him, fasten him using regulation steel or leather cuffs. But first I wanted to test his willingness. Could he take what I had to give? We were about to find out.

"I'm going to start with ten," I said. "Ten strokes from my favorite weapon." He'd already felt the crop tickle his chin. He had to know what I was referring to.

"You will count after each blow. Do you understand?"

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

FloridMags.com

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Good boy."

I started slowly. If he'd never experienced pain like this before, it was up to me to show him how thrilling discipline could be. Going slow was difficult, I have to admit. The way he'd looked at the gym had stirred something inside me. I wanted to replicate that expression of intensity and commitment I'd seen on his handsome face.

I tried to remember my first time—the rush of adrenaline that beat through my veins. From the very first blow, I knew he was mine. I hit, and he groaned and said, "One," in a rush of breath. He was trying to do exactly what I told him, and yet he was also experiencing something new and frightening and exciting. A rush of emotions, I have to think, that was life-changing. Maybe even life-affirming.

"Two," he murmured after the second cut. Then "three."

We worked well together, I thought. He responded exactly as I had hoped, shifting his hips, holding his body in check. I knew that the pain was working through him, and I hoped that the endorphins were rushing to make all the boo-boos better.

I'll confess here, I had to hold myself in check. All I wanted was to stand back and whip the fuck out of him, the way I could see in my mind. But I didn't want to frighten him. I needed to go slow—*we* needed to go slow. We could visit all those dark, deep bruise-like places in the future. Right now, I was peeling back the curtain, showing him the prize, seeing if he was ready to accept.

At "eight," I reached my hand under his body and touched his cock. An electric-like shudder ran through him.

"Don't even think about coming," I hissed. "Not until I give you permission."

"Yes, Ma'am." Automatic.

"What do you think about when you work your dick at home?"

I was pumping his cock as I spoke. My boy behaved like a dream. He didn't help me, he didn't arch. He stayed still and

let me manhandle the equipment. But he didn't respond so quickly this time. Instead, he stuttered over the question.

"What do I think about?"

"You jerk off, right?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"How often?"

"Every day, Ma'am."

"In the shower?"

"Sometimes . . . "

"The car?"

"Yes . . . "

"Bed?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"At work?"

A hesitation, then, "Yes, Ma'am."

I WAS SHOOTING QUESTIONS too quickly for him to fully answer. As soon as he started to respond, I hit him with another.

"So what do you think about? You're coming in all these places. What images are going through your mind?"

I let go of his dick, and he groaned. Aw. The poor baby had thought I was going to get him off. I reached for the crop once more and struck before he was able to answer.

He sucked in his breath, realizing, I think, that the warm-up period was over.

"Nine," he said, and I was thrilled that he hadn't forgotten to count. But then he continued talking. "I think about this, Ma'am," he said quietly. "I always have. Some woman—some stunning woman like you doing all sorts of nasty things to me." Then he turned his head away, as if maybe he'd been insulting with the word "nasty." The sweetheart. I punished him with strike number ten for that. He would not look away from me. I gripped him by the back of the hair and forced his face in my direction.

"You fantasize about this?" I asked, gently tugging on his hair. "About me? But you just met me."

He swallowed hard and gazed at me through wet eyes. "That's what's so difficult for me to understand," he said finally. "How did you know? How did you step out of my fantasies and find me?"

I couldn't help but smile. "You prayed to the Nautilus machine," I said, "and here I am."

While he watched, I spit into my palm. Then I slid my hand beneath him one more time, and as I jerked his cock, I played with the welts I'd left on his ass. In seconds, he was on the verge once more. "Oh, the things I'm going to do to you," I said, in a lulling, sweet voice. "The ways I am going to hurt you . . . "

He shivered and bucked.

"You have no idea of the pleasure and pain that's in store."

"Jesus," he said, closing his eyes tight, his whole body locked in place.

"Ma'am," I reminded him, squeezing his cock tight in my fist.

"Jesus, Ma'am," he choked out as he came.

I took a step back then. I had to get my head clear. Now that he'd come once, I wanted to see how quick he could respond again. Would he be done for the day, ready for a siesta? I hoped not. And I thought not. When I'd asked him about jerking off, I was trying to get a sense of his sexual barometer.

To his credit, my boy didn't ask me what was next, didn't say a word. He waited to see what I'd do next. I went into the adjoining bathroom and snagged one of my ruby terry-cloth towels. I tossed it to him and watched as he wiped himself off. Then I got out my cuffs.

"On your back," I insisted.

He obeyed.

"Hands over your head."

They were in place almost before I'd finished speaking.

I leaned over him, rubbing my breasts in his face as I snapped on the cuffs.

"You got yours," I told him matter-of-factly. "Now I'm going to get mine."

"Yes, Ma'am."

I stared at him for a moment, and then I bent down once more and began to lick his cock. He sucked in his breath, and his whole body grew still. I could taste his come, and it made me want to ride him.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

But I couldn't. Not yet.

First, I opened the drawer on the bedside table and pulled out two clamps. His eyes got wide as I pinched and tweaked his nipples. Then I carefully attached one clamp on each nipple. He groaned, and I could see the pain in his face. The look made my pussy even wetter. That's how pain works for me. The pain of my lovers, anyway.

"Do you like that?"

He swallowed hard. "Yes, Ma'am."

"Would you like to feel a clamp like that somewhere else?"

His eyes were huge.

"Would you?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

I looked down at his cock. He was hard again. Good boy.

"I'll give you exactly what you want," I promised him. "I'll use a row of clamps along the insides of your thighs. I'll decorate you with them. But not today. Right now, I need to feel something else."

I stripped off my catsuit and climbed onto the bed. While he watched, I slid my body on top of his and positioned my naked pussy over his cock. I could not wait to fuck myself using his rod. But wait I did. If I wanted to feel him inside me this badly, I could only imagine how desperate he was. I reached down and dragged my fingernails over his balls. He thrashed, and I smiled. I squeezed his cock in my fist, and then I ever so slowly lowered myself on that pole.

"Oh, fuck," he whispered. "You're so wet."

I let that slide. He was right. I was so wet.

"I want to know one of your fantasies," I said, as I worked myself up and down his dick. "I want you to tell me in great detail."

I could see on his face that he could not believe I expected him to talk. I tugged on the clips on his nipples, and he got the message.

"At work, there's this tough woman. I think about her coming into my office, making me hand her my belt, taking down my slacks and punishing me."

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Storiesfree.com

"What does she look like?"

"She's tall and she has dark hair. But it's not what she looks like that gets me." His words were coming in a rush. "It's, like, the way she moves. She's got this force when she walks, when she runs a meeting. I can hardly pay attention to the words she's saying. I'm always lost in the thought of her . . . "

"Hurting you," I finished for him.

His cheeks flamed.

"Why do you want that?"

He shook his head. I tugged harder on his nipples. I felt his cock growing inside me each time I gave him a taste of pain.

"I don't know. That's the way I'm wired. I've always wanted a woman to do things to me." He looked nervous, as if he might have let me down.

"Good answer. I'm wired in reverse. I've always wanted to do things to men. Things like this." I slapped his face. He looked at me in wide-eyed awe. His cock had throbbed inside of me when my palm connected with his cheek. Oh, we were well matched, weren't we?

"Tell me what you thought of when I cropped you."

He tried to turn his head away. I grabbed a fistful of his hair and forced him to meet my gaze.

"That my dreams had come true."

I was impressed. He clearly was on the verge once more, and yet he was letting me do the fucking, not bucking me up in the air, not taking charge in any way.

"Did the pain feel like you'd imagined it would?"

He wanted to look away. I could tell. But he kept himself together. "Worse," he said, and then so softly, "and better. So much better."

I started to ride him harder now, faster, and as I worked him, I pulled on the nipple clamps to the same rhythm of the ride. He bit his lip and stared into my eyes. He was begging me without words, desperate to come. I would not give him permission. Not yet. Not until I came. I loved the way he looked, hands over his head, wrists cuffed together.

"It's going to get even better," I promised him. "I'm going to bind you down, punish you so hard. I'm going to spread your asscheeks and work a plug into your hole. I'm going to make you cry . . . "

I slapped his face. He looked at me in awe. His cock throbbed inside of me when my palm connected with his cheek.

He came then, without permission, the naughty boy. But I was coming, too, so I gave him a pass. The power of the climax worked through the two of us, and I felt myself melting into the pleasure. His eyes were closed. He did not see my expression soften.

I climbed off him afterward and reached for the key to the cuffs.

"You know, I think I'm going to like it here," he said, gazing up at me.

"You do?" I asked, teasing.

"I had no idea the building came with so many amenities."

StoreMags.com

PENTHOUSE

VARIATIONS

CINEMA

CLICK TO PLAY

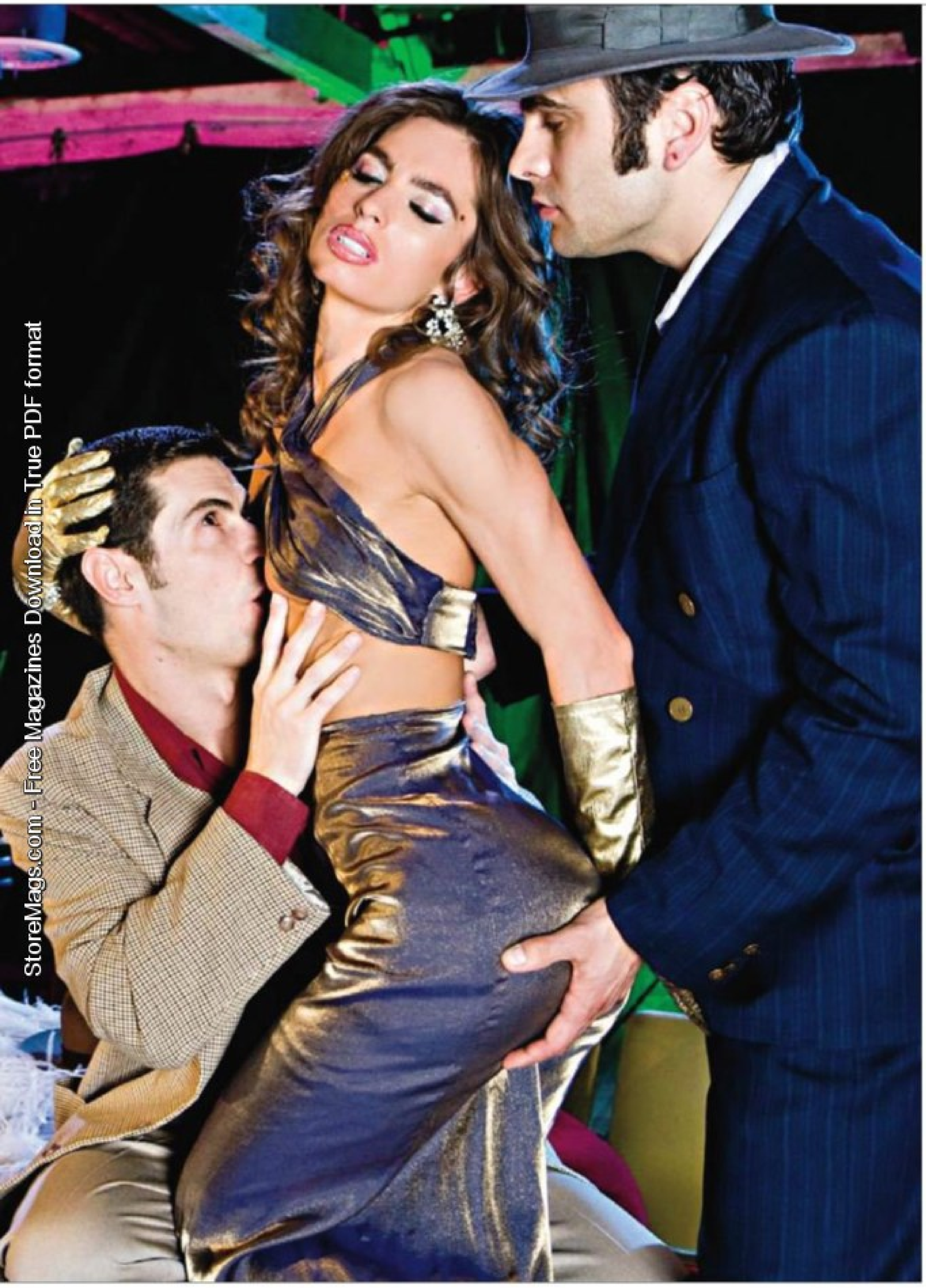
To purchase this DVD in it's entirety or any other DVDs visit:
www.penthousestore.com

Lusty Appetites

Lizzie and Joel work and play together, but when he brings her to a swingers party, he shows her something new and unlocks her deepest fantasies.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

By Elizabeth Wallach



StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

"WHAT'S all the commotion?" Joel asked from behind me.

"Someone brought in donuts," I told him, looking in at the chaos in the coffee room.

"Aha," Joel said, knowingly. "Feeding frenzy, is it?"

I nodded. I was desperate to make my way into the tiny kitchen to brew a fresh pot of French Roast, but there was no point entering while the sharks were still circling the pale pink box of powdered-sugar confections.

"Why not go out for coffee?"

"I thought this would be quicker," I explained. "Clearly, I was wrong."

"Why don't you come to my office while you wait?"

"You have coffee there?" I perked up considerably.

"Something even better."

I looked at him.

"Quiet."

I tilted my head. "Why would I need quiet?"

"*You* don't need quiet," he said. "I do. I want to tell you all the different things I fantasize about doing to you during my coffee breaks."

"Do you only fantasize during your breaks?" I teased.

"Yeah. I figure those fifteen-minute slices of time are mine. I make the most of them."

We'd been dating for several months now, even though dating was strictly against company policy. Jelly donuts were probably against company policy, too. Smiling might even have been against the rules. I followed Joel to his office and watched him shut and lock the door behind us.

"Seeing all those people catfighting over donuts made me think of you."

"Sounds like a Hallmark card," I said.

He came closer and then put his arms around me. When I felt his warm hands on my skin, a sweet little shiver shot down my spine. He kissed my neck and whispered, "Cold?"

I shook my head. "Hot." What were we doing? Getting busy at work? I knew I ought to stop the two of us, but I couldn't. Joel—with his clean-cut good looks and deceptively hard body under those perfect suits—managed to turn me on like no other man ever had. There was no way I was going to put on the brakes.

"What I mean," he said, as he slowly undid the zipper of my houndstooth pencil skirt, "is that I would like to see people circling you. I'd like you to be the very center of a different type of feeding frenzy."

I didn't exactly understand, but I didn't say no. He had his hand against the gusset of my red satin panties, and all I wanted him to do was slide his fingertips beneath the filmy material.

"Have you ever tried swinging before?" he asked. As he posed the question, he roughly slipped his fingers into my panties, touching my naked pussy. I wondered if he could feel the physical response my body gave him in answer to his query. I could. Immediately, I grew wetter. Why? Because I couldn't believe he'd so easily stated my number-one fantasy.

I shook my head, but at the same time I said quickly, "I've wanted to, though. I've never met the right person before. The right person to try that with." *That.* The four-letter word encompassed so many different images. "That" to me meant swapping partners, fucking in public, doing all the naughty little things I'd daydreamed and night-dreamed and afternoon-dreamed about for years.

His fingers were making circles over my clit. I wished we were somewhere I could lie down. My knees felt weak, and my breathing was coming hard and fast. I don't know when I first heard the concept of swinging, but I'd found the idea immediately appealing. I yearned to be with a man, and yet to be shared by him—to be with a man, and yet to watch him with another woman. This seemed like the best of both possible worlds. I would have someone to go home with,

Download In True PDF format
StoreMags.com - Free Magazines
Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

fiorelaff.com

someone to trust and love and share my life with—but I'd also have an extension of boundaries, so that the relationship never got boring, so that there was always something—or someone—new to see or do.

"Would you like to try that with me?" he asked, and as he said the words, he thrust two fingers inside me. I started to tremble, and he wrapped one arm around my waist, holding me steady. "I want to take you to a party, Lizzie," he said. "I want to make you the center of attention."

"Oh, God," I sighed. I could hardly speak.

"Whenever I fuck you," he said, "I fantasize about other people watching, about other men wanting to take my place." He was undoing his pants now, getting out his cock. I still couldn't believe we were going to do this at work—we *were* doing this at work—but there was no going back. "And then I want to watch while another man does you. And I want you to watch while I fuck another woman."

THE WORDS were tearing me up inside. I couldn't believe how sexy I found the concept. I'll admit that there was a beat of jealousy I could almost taste—the idea of watching a woman part her legs for my boyfriend made me ache—but that was tamped down by how very erotic I thought it would be. Playing with emotions like that flipped my switch more than I can put into words. Joel put his arousal into action. He moved me so that I was up on the edge of his desk, and he slid my panties aside and thrust inside me.

"Tell me what you want to see," he whispered. "Tell me what you want to do."

I had the words right on the tip of my tongue. I'd touched myself to these images countless times. "I want to watch a woman suck your dick," I said.

Joel groaned. He'd never heard me talk like that before.

"She has to be pretty, of course," I continued. "And she has to have a pretty

mouth, all slicked up with dark-colored lipstick. I want to see her deep-throat you. And while she's sucking you, I want her guy to be fucking me from behind. Doggy-style, you know?" Joel nodded. He knew. "I want you to watch his big, strong cock going into my pussy. I want you to think about what that feels like when you fuck me, and I want you to know that I'm squeezing his cock the way I squeeze yours."

I gave a little example, tightening my pussy on his rod. Joel gripped my arms.

"And then I want you to take me home and fuck me yourself. I want you to slam inside me, knowing that you're going where someone else just was."

"You really want to do those things?" Joel asked, still fucking me fiercely. "Or are you just saying that?"

"I wouldn't play you," I told him. "I've craved something like this for years."

Joel pulled out then and flipped me around, so that I was across his desk. He tore my panties all the way down and let me step out of them. I waited for him to start fucking me again, but he took his time. He parted my thighs with his palms, spreading me wide open before he re-introduced me to his steel-like rod.

"Tell me more," Joel said as he plunged inside.

What did I have to lose? I felt as if Joel had found my secret treasure. There was no reason not to spread out the gold and catch the glitter. "I've never been fucked in public," I said. "But I've always thought about it. Whenever I've seen a movie where it's happened, I've wished I was the star."

"Dirty movies?"

I looked over my shoulder at him. "Are there any other kind?"

"You're so filthy," Joel whispered as he came. "I like that in a girl."

We made plans to go to a swingers party the following weekend. When I say "we," I mean Joel. I wouldn't have known the first thing about finagling the invitation, seeking pre-approval, learning the hidden location. Joel took care of all the legwork. All I had to do was fantasize 24/7 and make myself come more times in a single week than I ever had in my life. I'd slip into the ladies' room at my coffee break and bring myself to climax. At home, I'd wake up in the night from a dream about attending a party and touch myself while the images filled my brain. My hand ached by the end of the night.

Joel seemed to be operating in a similar heightened state of arousal. Whenever he could get his paws on me—in the elevator, in the garage—he did, grabbing me in his arms and telling me that soon everyone was going to know what a bad girl I was.

I couldn't wait. He couldn't either.

THE THEME of the party was 1940s. I was fascinated that there even *was* a theme. "Yeah," Joel told me, "the hostess explained that she likes to create different themes to keep the guests entertained. Sometimes she does jungle, other times circus. This time, she said we should go for noir. Think movie sirens. Those screen goddesses of the black-and-white films."

Without too much trouble, I found a suitable dress at my favorite thrift store. The navy-blue number was formfitting, with buttons down the side. I put my hair up and used a delicate feathered barrette on the side, very ooh-la-la, very Black Dahlia. I already had stockings with seams up the backs, and I wore my favorite navy-blue, stack-heeled alligator pumps.

Joel had less of a choice—wear a suit and look like a private dick, go more as a rebel, Mr. James Dean teen heartthrob, or do what he ultimately did: wear a real-life sailor suit (his grandfather's naval uniform) and look as if he'd been plucked from that famous end-of-the-war kiss shot. The one I have framed in my bathroom.

When he picked me up, I almost told him to screw the party, I needed him to fuck me right then. I was a wreck. My

Download In True PDF format
StoreMags.com - Free Magazines
Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Sharevalues.com

HOT & HORNY LOCAL GIRLS
WOMEN GET HORNY TOO!
Everyday thousands of horny local babes call looking for guys to get off with. Talk to all kinds of girls from hot wet babes to horny housewives who love to play with their wet pussy while they talk to you.
TRY IT FREE!
18+
IT'S SO WILD, YOU'VE GOT TO CHECK IT OUT!
1-800-877-4441

body was all a tremor. I could not remember ever being this nervous or aroused before. This was like every first-date jitter I'd ever had magnified by a million. Of course, I didn't tell him to cancel the plans. After all this excitement—and literally years of mental foreplay—I was determined to see the night through.

We hardly talked on the ride over, except for Joel saying the sweet words, "We don't have to do anything if you don't want to, Lizzie. We can only watch. There is no pressure on you to be," he hesitated, "on display."

Oh, but I *wanted* to be on display. I wanted to be exactly what he'd described the week before—the center of attention.

into the building. We went up an elevator to the top floor. I could already hear the noises inside. Once more, I had the thought to tell Joel to forget the party—just do me in the hallway. Joel pulled me toward the door and knocked. A beautiful woman, dressed in similar fashion to my own outfit, but wearing that wine-colored lipstick I'd imagined previously, opened the door for us.

She gave us each a smile, and I thought I saw her dark green eyes linger on my boyfriend. He's a stud, well built, tall, devious-looking. They don't make them handsomer than Joel. But they do make them naked-er. I realized that as I peeked behind the woman into the loft.

Joel was watching me, Edward was fucking me, Max was sucking Joel, and we were all connected. Energy seemed to flow through us.

If people would circle intensely for jelly donuts, wouldn't they act that way for me?

"Are there any things I should know?" I asked as we approached the loft. "Swinger rules? I'm a newbie, you know."

"I could go down the list that the hostess sent me," he said, "but I know you. You wouldn't take pictures of anyone. You wouldn't get naked on the balcony. You know no means no. It's all basic information. Stick with me, and we'll be fine."

I couldn't have stuck with him any tighter. My hand was practically welded to his. Joel gave our names at the door, and the man with a clipboard let us

There were already people in action. I felt my pussy clench in anticipation.

"Welcome," she said, stepping back and letting us in . . . to heaven. Now that I could see even more clearly, I felt as if someone had rifled through my fantasies and then worked to make those visions come true. There were people talking, yes, standing around the perimeters of the room, or sitting on velvety sofas with glasses of wine in hand. But there were people making love, too, right nearby on a mattress covered with silken sheets. I sucked in my breath. Joel tightened his arm around my waist and steered me toward the bar.

"A drink," he said. "Not many drinks, but one drink."

CALL

1-800
284-
2661
2 0 N 1

1-800
700-
5347
L E G S

1-800
374-
3786
3 S U M

1-800
879-
9388
W E T T

1-800
254-
5465
K I N K

1-800
285-
6749
O R G Y

1-800
430-
7388
P E T T

1-800
753-
6338
M E E T

Store Mags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

$4.95 PER MIN.
18+
VISA • MC • AMEX
24 hours,
7 days a week

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

I nodded. I kept staring at this one couple—a man with longish brown hair and a stellar physique. He was fucking a blonde who had her legs over his shoulders. I wanted to go toward them. I wanted to touch them. I wanted, if I am to confess the truth here, to feel their heat. How crazy is that? But I possessed this desire to convince myself that they were real, that this was actually happening.

"You like him?" Joel asked. He'd seen where I was looking.

I nodded and shrugged at the same time.

"I can see that," he said, and I heard the smile in his voice. Was my mouth open like in a cartoon? Had my eyes bugged out?

"What do we do?" I asked.

"We watch," he said, "and we wait."

I could do that. In fact, I could do even more than that. I could watch. I could wait. *And* I could get wet.

DO YOU LIKE her?" I asked, nodding to the blonde. I was interested in hearing his response. My hair couldn't be any blacker. The blonde was like my photonegative.

"She's not my usual type," Josh murmured, "but there's nothing wrong with trying something new every once in a while."

I supposed he was saying that as a way to explain my attraction to Mr. Long Hair. Joel keeps his brown curls close-cropped.

As if they'd realized we were talking about them, the man looked over at us. He winked at me, and I felt my heart beat faster. Then he motioned with his chin. Joel led me over to their mattress.

"Do you want to play?" the man asked.

They were naked. We were dressed. Something was very wrong.

I nodded. I think Joel said something that sounded like yes. But I didn't know where to start, what to do.

"You're new?" the woman asked. How odd to be so civil sounding while naked with a cock inside you.

I nodded again.

"It's okay," she said. "Just relax and have fun."

I sat next to her on the bouncy mattress. She took my hand and put it on her lover's cock, and then suddenly everything was clear. I began to help him, guiding his cock into her slippery wet pussy. Hadn't I seen scenes like this in dirty movies before? Didn't I know exactly what to do?

Joel was sitting on the other side of the couple, and he bent down and started to kiss the girl. Then things began to speed up. The man pulled out and grabbed me. Joel took over in his place. Even though we were still dressed, we'd paired off. The woman began to work on Joel's sailor suit. The man undid the buttons on my dress. As he worked each one through the hole, I felt tiny shivers of lust ricochet inside my body.

"I'm Elizabeth," I said, when he had me down to my undergarments. It seemed like the right time. "Lizzie," I added.

"Edward," he said, pulling my panties down. "My wife," he nodded to the pretty blonde, "is Maxine—you can call her Max."

Max didn't greet me herself. When I turned my head I saw she was already sucking Joel. I felt a beat of jealousy, but that melted away when Joel's eyes met mine. We were together—I could feel the strength of our bond. We were together, sharing this unbelievably sexy encounter. This wouldn't break us; in fact, it would make us stronger.

"Do you want to stay near him?" Edward asked. "Or do you want to find a different spot?"

"Near," I said, and Edward lifted me and spread me out on the mattress next to his wife. She managed to give me a smile as she continued to deep-throat my man. Edward slid on a condom and parted my thighs. I locked eyes with Joel as Edward

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com

1-800-759-9388
WETT

1-800
285-5465
KINK

1-800
354-4277
4ASS

1-800
955-9447
WHIP

1-800
945-2661
2ON1

1-800
234-8743
URGE

1-800
685-3786
3SUM

1-800
967-6725
ORAL

1-800
304-6749
ORGY

$4.95 PER MIN. 18+ VISA • MC • AMEX
24 hours, 7 days a week

prepared to thrust inside me. This was the moment—this was the point where I could go forward or go back. Was I ready? Would I jump?

I moved so that I had my legs over Edward's shoulders, the same move he'd been doing with his wife when we arrived at the party. I saw the glint in his eyes as he smiled at me and then plunged in deeply.

That first thrust was the sexiest thing I've ever experienced. Joel was watching me, Edward was fucking me, Max was sucking Joel, and we were all connected. The energy seemed to flow through the four of us. Perhaps it was tangible, because suddenly I noticed that we'd drawn a bit of an audience. The watchers—the ones I'd spotted when we first walked through the door—surrounded us. I blushed. I felt the heat in my cheeks. Edward said, "Are you shy? A shy girl at a sex party—is that possible?"

Joel responded for me, "She's the dirtiest shy girl you'll ever meet."

When I turned my head again, I saw that Joel was deep inside Max. They'd moved to a new position, and she was holding Edward's hand as Joel fucked her. There was love in this gesture, and a thrill ran through me.

People were coming closer. There were whispers such as "Look at how big he is," and I felt proud of Joel's cock, knowing they were talking about him. Edward brought one hand to my lips, and I sucked on his thumb as he fucked me. I heard a man say, "She should have another cock in her throat," and another said, "and one in her ass." That thought brought me right up to the edge.

When Joel said, "Come with me," I knew he was talking to me as much as he was to Max. I made sure I held his eyes as I finally climaxed, so that we were locked together, so that even though we were part of a foursome, we were still one.

Edward came with force and power. He ground his body into mine, making the whole mattress shake with his movements. Max came in short, twit-

I saw that Joel was deep inside Max, and she was holding Edward's hand as Joel fucked her. A thrill ran through me.

tering bursts, and someone in the crowd laughed at the "Oh holy fuck that was good" that she said at the end. Joel was far more quiet, moving slowly, never taking his eyes off of me.

I felt as if he were holding me with his gaze.

After we untangled ourselves, Joel helped me back into my dress. He turned into a sailor in a heartbeat, and we headed to the bar once more. Another couple took our place almost immediately, and the crowd tightened around them. I wasn't envious. I'd had my turn in the center.

A feeding frenzy.

One thing's for sure: I'd never be able to look at donuts the same way again.

StoreMags.com – Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Penthouse Pet Tori Black has been a fan favorite since she entered the adult industry in 2007. With more than 200 movies to her credit, Tori has earned a slew of awards, including back-to-back AVN Awards for Female Performer of the Year in 2010 and 2011. It's easy to see why she's so popular in this sizzling scene from the DVD *Penthouse's Everybody Loves Tori Black.*

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Store Mags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

FreeMags.com

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

In this torrid threeway with Tommy Gunn and Felony Foreplay, Tori holds nothing back. Double-teaming Tommy with the curvy cougar, Tori shows off her cock-sucking skills and then observes their frenzied fuck.

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Stored-Egg.com

Penthouse's Everybody Loves Tori Black features more than two hours of hardcore scenes with Tori at her hottest. This DVD can be purchased online at PenthouseStore.com or by calling the store at 877-217-3436.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

DELIVERY BOY GETS MORE THAN A GOOD TIP WHEN HIS CUSTOMER IS A HOT MILF!

September is my favorite month of the year. That's when all the kids go back to school and all the stay-at-home moms have a lot more free time on their hands. It also means I get laid on a far more regular basis.

I'm working my way through college by making deliveries for a local grocery store during the week. Most of the deliveries are to women who can only shop while their husbands and kids are otherwise occupied, but without anyone else home, they usually need some help carting around their hefty purchases.

The job is pretty easy, and the women tend to tip well, so it's not hard to make money and keep up with my schoolwork. The best part of the job, however, is all the sex.

Stay-at-home moms don't get much action, yet some of them are smokin'-hot babes. When a built twenty-one-year-old shows up at their door, willing to unload their groceries and do any other small chores, well . . . let's just say they like to show their gratitude.

Last Tuesday was one of my best days at the job. Work had been slow, and I was out on my last delivery. I pulled up to a nice two-story house and started to unload the van. I had three bags in my arms when I rang the front bell, and I was trying to balance the precarious packages when the door opened, so I didn't see the customer right away. She had a nice voice, though, and I wondered if she looked as good as she sounded.

She led me to the kitchen, and after I put

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

FloralLeaf.com

down the bags, I finally got a look at her. She was tall and thick, with curves in all the right places. She had smooth chocolate skin, and long waves of ebony hair. She was wearing a pair of capri-style leggings and an oversized hoodie—like something out of an '80s music video—and she looked casual and sexy all at once. I hoped she was one of the "wives gone wild" types, because she was definitely the kind of woman I wouldn't mind hooking up with.

I helped the MILF—her name was Monica—put away the groceries, and when I was done, I asked if there was any other work she needed done. She said there wasn't, and I was disappointed, but I knew I had to get going if she didn't want me around. I turned to go, but she stopped me.

"Actually," she called out, "there is one thing . . . "

I turned back to her, wondering if she would make up a household chore she needed my help with, or if she'd come out and tell me what she really wanted. Apparently she wasn't going to do either, because as soon as I turned around, she was on me.

She grabbed me by the shoulders and pulled herself against me before planting a hard kiss against my mouth. I felt her firm tits pressed against my chest, and I reached around to get ahold of her, my hands going straight to her ass. Her cheeks were round and tight, and I kneaded them as she kissed me, making her moan into my mouth.

I could've gone on all day, making out with her and feeling her up, but it was already two o'clock, and I knew we didn't have much time before she had to get ready for her family to come home.

I broke away from Monica and pulled her sweatshirt off, revealing her huge double-D boobs concealed in a lacy beige bra. I couldn't control myself once I saw her amazing tits, and I quickly unhooked her bra and pulled that off, too. Then I went straight to her tits, and I started suckling one nipple while I fondled the other breast. I spent at least ten minutes savoring her supple breasts, and by the time I stopped, my dick was rock-hard and I was ready to fuck.

Monica quickly grabbed my belt and started pulling it out of its loops. She gave up after getting it through only three loops and moved on to unzipping my fly. She had my pants off in seconds, and I kicked off my Chucks so I could step out of my jeans. I pulled my t-shirt off next, while Monica shimmied out of her

leggings, and I was thrilled to see she had no underwear on underneath. She had a thick black bush, and I couldn't wait to get inside her. Considering how we were both finally naked, I didn't think I'd have to wait long.

I got on my knees in front of Monica and spread her lips wide, opening her up so I could see her rosy pink pussy. She was already wet, and I leaned in closer to get a taste. She tasted sweet and salty, and I lapped at her cunt for several moments, enjoying the unique flavor. But that wasn't the only thing I wanted. I wanted to be inside her, too.

When I'd eaten my share of pussy, I stood up and pushed Monica against the island in the center of the kitchen. She leaned over it, ass out, and I got behind her so I could slide my dick inside her.

Her pussy was tighter than I'd expected, and when I slid into her, it gripped me firmly. I moaned as I felt her cunt squeeze my shaft, and it took me a moment before I was ready to start fucking her. Finally, I started to thrust in and out, and Monica moved her hips to match my rhythm. She was really into it, and she jutted her ass out and spread her legs, opening her cunt for easier pumping. I picked up my pace then, and soon my hips were pounding against her ass with every inward stroke.

She took it like a champ, bracing herself on the counter as I fucked her. When I reached around and started to fondle her tits again, she moaned loudly and shifted so I could get a better grip on them without slowing down my stroking. After that, it was a blur. I screwed her like crazy, listening as our bodies slapped together over and over.

I'd been fucking Monica for maybe five minutes when I felt my balls start to tighten. I knew I was about to come, and I told Monica. "Oh!" she

cried. "Come in me! Fill my pussy!" Usually the women I fuck during work don't let me shoot off in their cunts, so I was pleasantly surprised by her request.

I thrust a few more times and then I let loose, filling the MILF's cunt with my seed. She came a moment later, her pussy spasming around my dick as she released a flood of juices onto my rod.

Ten minutes later, I was dressed and on my way out the door. Monica was still trying to catch her breath, and as she handed me the money for her order, as well as a generous tip, I took the opportunity to ogle her naked body one last time.

I was halfway out the door when

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

she called after me, "Wait a minute! What's your name?" I told her it was Joe. "I'll be sure to ask for you next time," she told me. "If that's okay."

"It's more than all right with me," I assured her. And it really is.

Mr. Joe H.,
Via E-Mail

IT'S A GOOD BET THAT HAVING A COCK IN BOTH HOLES WILL MAKE HER COME—AND COME HARD

My husband and I love making wagers. We bet on pretty much anything—sporting events, reality TV shows, even who can get home from work first. Another thing we love is having threesomes. If it were up to me, I would always invite another guy into our bedroom, whereas Arnie leans toward another chick. So to choose, we combine our two interests: Whenever we bet on something, the winner decides the gender of whomever we fuck next.

We recently bet on the U.S. Open, and I was the lucky winner. I was psyched because we had a new neighbor, Neil, with whom I'd been flirting. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with short, dark hair, but even better, it looked like he had a nice, big package that I couldn't wait to get in my mouth. That Friday, we invited him over for drinks to "welcome him to the neighborhood." He accepted, and when we felt that we knew him well enough, we quickly made our move.

I was sitting close to him on the couch when Arnie excused himself to get another bottle of wine, which we'd planned beforehand. Putting my hand on Neil's knee, I leaned forward so he could see into my décolletage as I explained the situation. Happily, he was receptive, even excited (which I could see from the bulge growing in his khakis), so I took him into the bedroom, where my husband joined us.

Taking a seat beside me on the bed, Arnie began stroking my back and shoulders. Neil's hands were at my tits, pinching and teasing my rigid nipples as my tongue swabbed the insides of his cheeks. As the two pairs of strong hands explored my body, my pussy started weeping so I squirmed in my seat, trying to find relief for my pulsating clitoris. Arnie knew what that meant, so he reached under my skirt and stroked my pantyless mound.

I ground against the pillows, as well as my husband's hand. Perceptively, Neil took that as a signal to unbutton my blouse and remove my bra. Then I helped him remove his top, and our

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

bare flesh pressed together when I climbed into his lap and dry-humped him through his pants. Although "dry" might be the wrong word, because juices poured from my cunt, soaking his slacks.

As I writhed against Neil, I heard the rustle of Arnie undressing behind me, and I knew it wouldn't be long before I'd have access to both of their hard cocks. Growing impatient, I unfastened my new partner's pants and pulled out his erection. It was bigger than I'd imagined it would be, and the head was already glossed with pre-come. Also, when I looked closer, I could see that the vein that ran along the side was throbbing wildly. That was something I noticed because I was no longer sitting in Neil's lap but kneeling in front of him, about to take his thick slab of meat into my mouth.

First I sucked his crown, and then I slid my lips along his length, feeling that pulsating vein. Meanwhile, still behind me, Arnie pushed up my skirt and slid a spit-slickened digit into my hole. He pumped it in and out as I descended over Neil's length, making me moan around the thick shaft in my throat. Above me, Neil grunted as he enjoyed the vibrations, a chorus that my husband orchestrated by giving me a thorough finger-fucking.

After a while, he removed his hand from my pussy, and when I heard a slurping sound, I knew that he'd popped the juice-covered digit into his mouth. Meanwhile, I sucked Neil's member, rising and falling from his balls to the tip and then back again. He had his fingers threaded through my hair, guiding my head up and down, and whenever my chin hit his sac, I could almost feel them tighten. Then the slurping behind me stopped, and I knew where that finger was going next.

There was a slight pressure at my asshole, and then Arnie's digit began

burrowing inward. I sucked Neil's cock even harder, so hard that my cheeks hollowed, as my rear canal was slowly plundered. Arnie stroked me from inside for a minute to stoke my fire, and then he began rotating his finger, stretching me wider and wider to prepare me for a much thicker invader.

I held still, enjoying the finger-fucking, and Neil took advantage of that by pumping his hips to penetrate my mouth like it was a pussy. That seemed like the perfect moment for our threesome to take the next step, so the next time his ass hit the mattress, I raised my head, breaking contact with his dick completely. Following my lead, Arnie pulled his fin-

Read In True PDF format - StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

FloralKeef.com

ger from my behind and helped me reposition myself so I was straddling our new neighbor's waist, my cunt hovering over his inflexible prick.

Neil grasped my hips to hold me steady as I lowered myself onto his erection. My labia hugged his cockhead as it speared my hole, which, in turn, stretched to accommodate his impressive girth. The remainder of his length quickly followed, and I was soon sitting pretty. Then Arnie bent me forward to apply lube to my asshole.

When I was really slick, he moved in close behind me and pressed his crown, which was also coated in gel, against my puckered rosebud. I held my breath as he forced it open, and then I exhaled loudly as he slid the rest of the way into me. For a moment, no one said a word; we all just sat there, joined at the waist, and I reveled in being stuffed full of cock. Then Neil finally spoke. "Someone else is going to have to get this thing started, because you guys have me pinned."

We all laughed as Arnie and I got moving. We were the best candidates for that job, because we're no strangers to double penetration. I held still while he sawed in and out of my ass a few times, letting our new friend enjoy the novel sensation of feeling another man's cock moving against his own. His head tilted back, his eyes closed and he bit down hard on his lower lip, so I knew he was enjoying the massage that was being administered through the thin membrane inside me.

I certainly enjoyed having a hard, throbbing dick in each of my lower entryways. Then things got even better when we all started moving together. Arnie pulled his dick almost all the way out of my asshole, which made Neil and I both gasp. Then I rose slightly, sliding my pussy along Neil's rigid pole. Finally, and in perfect sync, my husband filled me with his prick again as I remained in my crouch so my other partner could thrust upward to impale me.

Things proceeded smoothly after that. As long as I kept still, the men could do their thing, repeatedly driving their dicks into my nether holes. Grunting with exertion and pleasure, one would thrust forward while the other thrust upward. Meanwhile, I squeezed my muscles around their shafts, constricting myself around them in an effort to up the ante. They gasped their appreciation, and I have to say that I was feeling pretty good myself, as evidenced by the juices pooling in Neil's pubic curls and the steady throbbing of my clit.

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

I felt an orgasm welling in my belly, and I started trembling. Both men felt this and recognized what was occurring. As a result, they worked harder, with Neil driving his cock into my cunt with as much force as he could muster, and Arnie practically flying in and out between my cheeks. His shaft seemed to swell in my rear canal, growing thicker by the minute, and I hoped that the lube he'd applied earlier would hold out until we'd all reached climax.

I didn't have to worry about Neil's dick, however, because my pussy dripped so much honey that his skin stayed nice and slick. I could feel his shaft throbbing inside me as I rode him, and my ass repeatedly landed on his body, pressing his balls between us. I couldn't believe that he hadn't come yet—a lot of men explode instantly when treated to their first DP—but he hung on like a real champ, fucking away at my pussy as my husband continued pounding his cock into my butt.

I, for one, didn't have that kind of fortitude. Feeling not one, but two bulbous cockheads nestled inside my snug canals was more than I could handle. At first, I just felt a wave of heat, and then it was like my entire body was seized by a series of electric shocks. As I came, my body tensed, and both my cunt and my asshole snapped shut around the dicks that never stopped trying to penetrate them.

Neil was next to come. I felt a warm blast of liquid deep inside me as he forced himself into me one last time. He grunted loudly as I craned my neck upward to kiss him, knowing he could feel the aftershocks of my own release around his prick. A second later, overcome by his own mighty orgasm, Arnie dug his fingers into my asscheeks and hips as he filled my rear canal with more hot cream.

We remained linked for a little while

longer, all of us trying to catch our breath as we basked in the afterglow of our shared release. Exhausted, I slumped over Neil, my fingers playing in his chest hair as Arnie hugged me to him from behind. Slowly, we disentangled ourselves, and after our neighbor had departed, we turned on the TV. A baseball game was on, and before I could even open my mouth, my husband said, "My money's on the Reds."

As much as I like winning, and as much as I love fucking two guys at once, I sort of hoped that he'd win the bet this time, because I was suddenly hungry for a taste of pussy.

Ms. Caroline R.,
Newport, Kentucky

Free Magazines Download In True PDF format - Free Magazine StoreMags.com

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

storeKEEP.com

FOREIGN BONDAGE CLUB SHOWS COUPLE THEY DON'T NEED TO SPEAK THE LANGUAGE TO GET KINKY

When my wife and I decided to go to Paris for our honeymoon, little did we realize that we were about to embark on not just a vacation, but a profound sexual experience we'd never have had the guts to try back home. During the first few days of our trip, Carrie and I visited the usual touristy spots—like the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, Montmartre—but then we saw a billboard for a burlesque show. "Let's go," Carrie said. Hot women? I wasn't going to object!

Before the show began, a sexy woman came up to us and handed us a flyer. "You look like you might be interested in this club. Come tomorrow night." Then she disappeared before we could even thank her. I looked down and instantly got hard when I looked at the paper and saw the photo of a woman who was tied up and had a ball gag in her mouth, but I waited to say anything until I could gauge my wife's reaction.

"Wow," she said, her voice soft and breathy. I reached for her hand, and she squeezed mine and then looked at me. "She's beautiful," Carrie said, with awe in her voice.

"I agree," I whispered back. "Do you want to be tied up like that for everyone to see?" We'd never so much as talked about doing anything sexual in public, so this was all new, which only added to the thrill.

"I'm not sure, but I definitely want to check out this place." Her hand clutched mine tightly, and she had a dreamy look on her face.

"I'd like to see you tied up," I said, caressing her cheek. I immediately pictured her struggling against her bonds, perhaps even with her breasts and pussy exposed to me—and a roomful of curious people.

"Let's get out of here," Carrie replied, moving close to give me an urgent kiss.

We rushed back to the hotel, where I used my only necktie to fasten her wrists together and then positioned them above her head before I shoved her panties in her mouth. "I'm going to tie you up in front of all those horny French men and pretty ladies and then tease you," I told her, tickling her under her arms, which I know both makes her laugh and makes her wet, even though she'd deny it if she could. All I heard from Carrie were

Kneeling, with her breasts thrust forward and a look of eagerness on her face, she'd never appeared more beautiful.

Editor's Note: Letters to Penthouse Variations or its editors are assumed intended for publication and republication in all media, in whole or in part, edited or unedited, in the U.S. and elsewhere, and may therefore be used for such purposes without remuneration. Letters for publication should carry name and address, which will be withheld by the editor. Submissions to Variations may only be made by adults who are eighteen years of age and older. By submitting material to Variations, you confirm that you are eighteen years of age or older. All correspondence should be sent to Penthouse Variations, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005. Attn. Letters. Letters may also be e-mailed to variations@ffn.com. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially. Letters become the property of Variations.

muffled moans, which made my dick even harder.

I took out my cock and pressed it against her slit, but even though I was aching to be inside her, I held back, just to hear the pretty, urgent noises she was making. When I could stand the teasing no longer, I pushed inside to find her pussy slick and wet. "So you like this, do you?" I asked—a redundant question if ever there was one. I didn't last long, pulling out and coming all over her chest. Then I ate her pussy until she came. Only after I was done with her did I untie her.

ing up a blindfold embroidered with the word "slut."

"No, I want to watch." I kissed her right in the store for uttering that remark. It filled my head with ideas.

A few hours later, after a meal of Brie, crackers and Champagne, we headed to the club. Carrie was wearing a long dress, but under it she wore her new purchases. I wore black pants and a button-down shirt. The club wasn't in a seedy space, but a huge modern-looking nightclub. Instead of the sound of throbbing beats, we heard the sounds of beat-

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

We cuddled and watched an old American movie on television before falling asleep, and the next day, Carrie led me to a sex shop in Pigalle, where I bought her whatever she wanted. She didn't want any of the frilly lingerie, but she did pick up tall, shiny black boots, a shelf bra that propped up her breasts but didn't cover them, and the teeniest of black thongs, plus a feather tickler, a choker and a pair of padded pink cuffs. "I want you to use these on me," she said of the cuffs.

"What about this?" I asked, holdings and cries of pleasure. As soon as we entered and dropped off our street clothes at the coat check, we were greeted by a beautiful blonde, who was dressed in a red negligee and told us her name was Eva.

She made a point of giving Carrie a once-over, her eyes lingering on her body. "Make yourselves at home, I think you say," Eva said. Carrie and I took a quick walk around the club, observing women and men in all kinds of submissive postures. One man had clothespins on his nipples and a ring wrapped around the base

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

of his cock, and we saw a man and a woman using lit candles to drip wax all over a nude woman.

We saw cages and crosses and cuffs, and all of it gave me the courage to do what I did next; I ordered Carrie to kneel on the floor and told her to put her hands behind her back. Then I took the cuffs from the bag I'd been carrying and fastened her wrists behind her back. Kneeling, with her breasts thrust forward and a look of eagerness on her face, she'd never appeared more beautiful. I reached down and tugged on one of her nipples, and she moaned sexily. I leaned down and whispered in her ear, "I want someone to whip you while I watch. That would make me hot. But all he gets to do is tease you. The only cock you can have is mine. What do you think of that?"

"I'd like that," she said, her voice husky with desire.

I pulled out an elegant suede flogger I'd purchased without Carrie's knowledge. She gasped when she saw it, but she stayed in position.

Even though we were in Paris, I'd gleaned that enough people understood English, or as much as was needed, to figure out my next words. "Who would like to whip my wife?"

A man stepped forward. "I am Marcel," he said, shaking my hand.

"I'm Greg, and this is Carrie."

"Has she ever been whipped before?" he asked.

"No, but she's eager to experience it." Talking about my wife in the third person like that turned me on.

I handed Marcel the flogger and stood back to observe, proudly noting the crowd of men who had drawn around to watch my wife. Marcel leaned down and whispered something in Carrie's ear, and then she straightened her body, her breasts appearing even more perky and delicious. He took the flogger and slapped it against his palm, and then brushed it over her tits. She moaned, and he held a finger to his lips. She pressed her lips together to silence herself, and he then struck her breasts. I knew she liked nipple play, but I had no idea that Carrie would like her breasts lashed like that; I'd planned to use the flogger on her back.

But like it she did. Her cheeks got red, and she squirmed slightly as Marcel delivered blow after blow across her breasts. "Do you like that, Carrie?" he asked her, and she nodded. "Do you want me to hit you harder?" She glanced at me very briefly, and then she nodded again. This time the blows were noticeably more harsh. I knew that as much as I wanted to dominate her, I probably didn't have it in me to lash her as hard as Marcel was, and I was grateful for his expertise.

I noticed two men jerking off as they watched the scene, and I realized that my cock was aching, so I started to stroke my dick through my

As soon as she saw that my dick was out of my pants, she leaned forward and took it between her lips.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StarsMags.com

phone sex
the way you like it **1-800-600-8433** TIED

These girls have what you want 24/7

18+

All girls are **independent phone sex operators** working from their homes.

Guided **masturbation specialist**. The best in **jerk-off instructions**. I am your **latex, PVC** and **cock control** mistress.

Married woman that acts like a **street whore**. **Use** me & **abuse** me. Like a convenience store, I'm always **open & ready**.

Innocent & **attractive** - a true **submissive**. Nothing is too **taboo** for me. For whatever you want, I am your **servant**.

Real girls
Doable girls
Lots of girls

Call **NOW**
for an introduction

Win a
FREE PHONE FUCK
Press "4" to learn how

Queen of **strap-on**. Hundreds of **toys** for **little boys**. Deep **prostate** pleasure. I've got dozens of **uniforms** and **outfits**.

Hot, sexy **fetish girl** extraordinaire. If you want **kink exploration** - then I'm your girl for everything. All **taboos welcome**.

phone sex
the way you like it **1-800-600-8433** TIED

These girls have what you want 24/7

pants. Then Marcel moved behind her and, maneuvering the flogger's tail around her bound arms, struck her backside. This time Carrie broke her silence and let out a moan. "It's okay. You can make noise now," he said as he sensually whipped her bottom. That beating was less dramatic, but still beautiful to watch. When Marcel finished and handed me the flogger, it was like he was passing a baton in some sort of dirty Olympics, allowing me to take the next leg of a kinky relay.

For the moment, I wanted Carrie to suck my cock. As soon as she saw that my dick out of my pants, she leaned forward and took it between her lips. It was even sexier to me that she couldn't use her hands—only her tongue and lips—and I came all too soon.

I leaned down and kissed my beautiful wife, and then unfastened her cuffs. Together we wandered around the club and observed other sexy scenes. It was a real eye-opener and changed our lives forever.

When we got back to the hotel, Carrie told me, "I think we should try to find a bondage club closer to home."

"I think you're absolutely right," I responded.

I can't wait to see what kinds of trouble me and my new bride can get into together!

Mr. Greg W.,
Marietta, Georgia

LATEX-LOVING COUPLE INDULGES IN RUBBER PLAY EVERY CHANCE THEY GET

When my husband and I decided to move so I could take a new job, we also decided to design our new house. My husband is an architect and I'm an interior designer, so it wasn't hard. We built a house with a kitchen bigger than my first apartment in New York, and bedrooms and bathrooms more luxurious than any we'd had previously. The feature that excited me most, however, was the closet.

To be honest, "closet" isn't exactly accurate. The space is nearly as big as the bedroom, and it has racks for shoes and handbags, drawers for lingerie and stockings, and hangers for all my other clothes. And then there's the special latex area. Nearly half the closet is devoted to my collection of rubberwear. There are dozens of padded hangers hung from short poles that are spaced six inches apart, so the garments won't be stored too close together. There's a hardwood floor so I can powder my latex right where it hangs and not worry about the mess. A quick sweep with a dust mop is sufficient cleanup. And there are drawers for smaller items, like gloves and shorts, each lined with thick paper, making it easier to clean.

My husband, Nate, had laughed when I'd told him the plans I had for my closet, but he loves my latex as

It was even sexier to me that she couldn't use her hands—only her tongue and lips—and I came all too soon.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

HOOK UP

TONIGHT NEAR YOU

Join for Free at AdultFriendFinder.com

The World's Largest Sex & Swinger Personals Community

ADULTFRIENDFINDER.com® is a service mark of Various, Inc.
Used by permission. Model depicted in photo.
*Access to certain site features requires an upgrade
from a free membership to a paid membership.

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

much as I do, so he knew it was a good investment. The only way to keep rubber clothing intact is to store it properly, and it should always be powdered so it won't deteriorate. Our condo in Seattle hadn't had the necessary space, so we'd had to keep most of my collection—which consists of a few dozen pieces—in a storage unit. Being able to keep all my latex right there in my closet was going to be such a joy!

The weekend after we'd unpacked, Nate and I decided we'd earned a day of play. He likes to dress me and pamper me while I "order" him to do things like eat my pussy or shine my latex. We both get off on the exchange, and it's always nice to take a break from our normal lives to have some dirty, sexy fun.

I let Nate choose my outfit that day, and he picked out an olive-green military-style dress, as well as a pair of elbow-length black gloves—all rubber, of course. After I showered, my husband dried me off and powdered my skin so the dress would slip on easily. He had to make sure not a drop of water clung to my body, which would turn the powder to paste, and then he dusted me in talcum powder. He used a big brush, and worked slowly and meticulously, his feather-light touches turning me on. As he worked, I tried to decide what I wanted him to do next.

Once he'd covered me with powder, he gently removed my dress from its hanger, unzipped the back and helped me step into it. He had to inch the dress carefully up my body, and it took him close to fifteen minutes to get it all the way on. The latex caressed my skin as it moved up my body, and I shivered with arousal. I loved the way the material clung to me and the way it pulled at my skin as it was dragged up my body. When it was finally zipped closed, it hugged my chest snugly, while the skirt had more give, so I could still walk with ease.

Next came the polishing. Nate took a bottle of special latex polish and a cloth from the bottom drawer. He drizzled a stream of the liquid onto the soft rag and then started to gently rub it across the dress, starting at the top. He worked in small clockwise circles, and when he started to rub near my breasts, I got extremely aroused. I hadn't worn any latex in nearly a month, and I'd almost forgotten how good it felt to have my husband tend to me while I luxuriated in the feel of the rubber against my skin. It was more enjoyable than I'd remembered, and when Nate's hands began caressing my curves through the thin layer of material, I began to moan softly.

Nate was wearing only a t-shirt and a pair of boxers, and when he finished polishing my dress and stood up, I saw his hard-on tenting the red plaid cotton. I knew he was as aroused as I was by the ritual of

I loved the way the material clung to me and the way it pulled at my skin as it was dragged up my body.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Store Mags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

floralfree.com

READER INFORMATION

TO ORDER A SUBSCRIPTION: Send a check or money order for $29.95 to P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, Florida 32142-0235, or with your credit card in hand, call 1-800-333-3013 from the U.S. & Canada. Elsewhere in the world call (386) 447-6365 (ask for customer service) between 8am-midnight M-F or weekends from 9am-7pm EST. Closed holidays.

TO SOLVE A SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEM: Write to *Penthouse Variations*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235 or call 1-800-333-3013 from the U.S. or (386) 447-6365 (ask for customer service) from outside the U.S. Hours are 8am-midnight weekdays, 9am-7pm weekends EST. Closed major holidays. Editorial and advertising offices cannot resolve subscription problems.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: We require eight weeks' advance notice of change of address (to *Penthouse Variations*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235) to ensure that delivery will not be interrupted. Be sure to include your old as well as your new address and zip code for accurate change.

RENEWAL PROCEDURE: It is necessary to receive renewal payment two months before the expiration of your subscription to be assured that you do not miss an issue. Renewal notices are first sent several months before subscriptions are due to expire. If you renew your subscription before it expires, the full duration of that renewal will be added to your current subscription.

BACK ISSUES: To inquire about specific back issues, write for availability and price to *Penthouse Variations*, Back Issues, FriendFinder Networks Inc., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005, or call 888-312-BACK. You must specify the issue precisely (e.g., Aug. 2008). We cannot accurately locate back issues based only on such identification as a story title or picture on the cover or the story's subject matter. Only magazines from the previous twelve months are available for purchase.

polishing my dress, and I knew immediately what I'd have him do next.

"Sweetie," I told him, "I'd like you to eat my pussy. Now, you'll have to get under the dress to do it." His face lit up when I said that, and I knew he would relish the chance to be that close to me, surrounded by the rubberwear he loved so much.

I spread my legs as wide as possible and had Nate crawl between them. It took some creative maneuvering—I was really glad the skirt was slightly looser than the top of the dress—but he managed to find a comfortable position and then began to eat my cunt.

The first lick sent shivers up my body, and I dug my fingers into my latex-covered thighs before his tongue struck again. The latex felt delicious under my fingers, and each time I moved to accommodate Nate, it slid against my skin in a sensual caress. It seemed like Nate's tongue was working in tandem with my shifting dress, licking me each time the smooth latex rubbed against me. It didn't take long before the tantalizing sensations had me on the verge of a climax, and as Nate's tongue dipped between my slippery pussy lips, I came. I felt my juices flow out of me, as slick as the polish that made my dress shine, and I felt sexier than ever as my husband licked them up hungrily.

I wanted to keep Nate between my thighs all day, but I knew it wasn't comfortable for him—even if he did enjoy it. As soon as he'd slurped down all my dew and I'd had the chance to climax a second time from his ministrations, Nate inched out from beneath my skirt and smiled, his face shiny with my juice. I saw his erection poking through his boxers, and though he loves to focus on my pleasure whenever we play with my latex, I couldn't let him go on without giving him physical pleasure, too.

FloralKeef.com

My husband undressed and I pulled him toward me, his back pressed against my front so the latex dress was the only thing between us. I reached one arm around his chest and caressed his strong body, and my other arm looped around his waist so I could take his cock in my hand. As my rubberwear rubbed against our bodies, I started to stroke Nate's dick. My fist slid up and down his stiff rod, and as I jerked him off, he wrapped an arm behind me to fondle my ass.

While Nate busied himself with my ass, I shifted and wiggled, partly in reaction to his teasing touches, but mostly to make sure the latex of my dress rubbed my husband the right way. The more I slid my body against his, the harder his cock grew, and within a few minutes it was throbbing in my hand. I started to stroke him faster, and I tightened my fist to apply more pressure to his cock. When he started to thrust forward into my hand, I knew he was close, and I pulled him tighter against my latex-clad body.

The latex rubbing between our bodies had turned me on, too, and as I pumped my husband's cock, hoping to get him off, I felt my own arousal building. I worked faster, and all of a sudden I saw Nate's come shooting out of his cock and dripping to the floor.

My husband bent over, resting his elbows on his knees as he tried to catch his breath, and I slumped over against him, my heart pounding against my ribs with excitement. When we broke apart, I had to peel myself off him, the latex clinging to his sweat-slick body.

Nate cleaned up the mess we'd made, and then he helped me out of my dress, which was in need of some cleaning, too. He took care of that as well, while I went to the bathroom to wash up a bit. When I rejoined Nate

DON'T MOVE WITHOUT US!

Moving? We need 6 to 8 weeks notice of a change of address. Please fill in the form below.

New Subscription/Renewal? One year (12 issues) of VARIATIONS is just $29.95. Canadian and foreign orders send $45.00 (includes GST and payment must be in U.S. dollars drawn on a U.S. bank). For credit-card orders call 1-800-333-3013. Please enclose check or money order and allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery. Payment must be enclosed.

Listing/Unlisting Service? VARIATIONS makes names and addresses of its subscribers available to other publications and companies, which are screened for their acceptability. If you would like your name removed from the mailing list please use this form.

PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS

P.O. Box 420235
Palm Coast, FL 32142

o Subscription
o Please remove my name from your mailing list.
o This is a change of address, my new address is below.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Please include your current mailing label with coupon.

VAR C011AH

in the closet, my dress was clean and hung back in its place, and another outfit—this time a rubber catsuit—was draped over his arm. The day was still young, and we had a closet full of latex to play with.

Ms. Ellen C.,
Houston, Texas

CORSET-CLAD BECKY TEASES AND PLEASES THE BIRTHDAY BOY WITH SOME SUPER-SLOW LOVING

I've been happily married to the same sexy woman for fifteen years.

She always finds ways to make my birthday special, and this year she outdid herself.

Last Thursday on my birthday, my wife called me at work and told me to be sure to be home on time because she'd planned something special. She also told me that she was in a very sexy mood. "I'm about to take a shower," she said, "and I'm looking forward to fondling my soapy breasts. I'm also going to pay special attention to my pussy. I hope you'll be thinking about me. I'll be thinking about you." She ended the call by telling me that she'd send me a brief e-mail after her shower.

I did indeed think of her, and my cock was almost painfully hard. I checked my e-mail repeatedly, and finally got her message close to five o'clock. She told me that she'd played with herself in the shower but had deliberately held off having an orgasm. She told me that her nipples seemed particularly sensitive that day and that she was looking forward to having me suck on them. She concluded by saying, "I'm going to keep myself horny and on edge, so I can give you the best birthday ever!"

Needless to say, I left work as soon as possible and rushed home.

When I walked in the door, I saw Becky wearing a silk robe and high heels. She looked great. In a soft, sexy voice, she said, "Did you enjoy thinking about my aroused nipples? I know you did." As she spoke, Becky raised her hands to her chest and caressed her breasts through the robe as if she were holding them up and offering them to me.

Becky told me to change into my silk robe and to meet her in front of

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

1-800 926 2ON1 2611
as low as 95¢ min
HORNY HOUSEWIVES NEXT DOOR
DESPERATELY CRAVING A GOOD FUCK
1-888 888 999 1200
I WANT TO WATCH YOU GO INTO HER INCH BY INCH
SHE GETS SO WET AND JUICY WHEN I LICK HER HERE, WHY NOT JOIN IN ON THE FUN?
I WANT TO FEEL YOU DEEP INSIDE MY TIGHT WET...
1-800 846 LICK 5425
1-800 554-TWAT 8928

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

the fireplace for drinks. She's already lit a fire and had two glasses of wine poured when I joined her.

"Did you enjoy thinking about me playing with myself in the shower?" she asked. "I could probably make you come just by describing how my nipples felt as I pinched and twisted them. I knew I could have made myself have an amazing orgasm, but I decided to stay horny for you." Becky then brought her hands to the lapels of her robe and added, "What I didn't say is that I decided to tease both of us by encasing my nipples where

you can't reach them for a while. I thought you might enjoy seeing me in the black corset you bought for me last year, even though it'll keep you from touching my breasts."

Becky turned away from me and said, "I was able to put the corset on loosely, but I need your help tightening the laces." She dropped her robe to the floor and held the front of the corset in place, pushing it up under her breasts. "Please tighten it enough to hold my breasts up, but not so tightly that I can't breathe." I did as she asked, and my cock hardened as I pulled the corset laces. There's something very arousing about lacing your wife into a corset. I snugged up the laces at the top and bottom and then pulled on the ends of the laces near the middle of the corset, asking if that was snug enough. Becky told me to go a little tighter, so I repeated the process. When she said it was okay, I tied off the ends. Becky then turned to reveal her breasts beautifully pushed up by the corset. The creamy white tops of her tits looked fantastic perched atop the black satin cups. I told Becky how great she looked. The corset had garters that held up black stockings; her legs looked incredibly long and sexy. She looked stunning!

Becky turned away again and said, "Perhaps you'd like to look at my ass?" She took two steps away from me and bent slightly while cradling her hips. "The rear seam on these panties really does accentuate the shape of my ass, doesn't it? You can touch it if you want." I couldn't resist feeling Becky's ass and hips. She rolled her hips and pressed her butt toward my hands. My hands

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoredMags.com

REAL LIVE SEX!

Watch and Chat with sexy cam girls

Cams.com℠
The Wildest Live Webcams

Cams.com is a service mark of StreamRay Inc.
Used by permission. Model depicted in photo.
*Access to certain site features requires an upgrade from a free membership to a paid membership.

also trailed up the front sides of the corset. The contrast between her soft flesh and the stiff corset was lovely. Becky slipped her robe back on but left it unbelted. We stood for a minute sipping some wine, and I enjoyed looking at my sexy wife.

After a few minutes, Becky directed me to sit in the middle of the couch. She then knelt above me, straddling my thighs, which placed her breasts only inches from my face. "I thought you might like to enjoy my cleavage up close," she said. "You like my tits in your face, don't you?" She leaned

forward, pressing the exposed swells of her breasts lightly against my face and then she leaned forward even more, increasing the pressure until she was almost smothering me between them. I inhaled the scent of her flowery perfume, and then she leaned back. She ran her hands up and down her sides, and asked if I liked the visual effect of the corset. Of course I loved how she looked. The corset emphasized her feminine shape and blatantly exhibited her breasts. Becky then said, "You may touch my body. I think you'll find the corset sexy. Wearing it for you has added to my arousal. It feels like I'm more on display than if I were naked. And with how tightly it fits me, there's also an element of bondage involved, which is kinky and sexy."

I fondled Becky's body from the front and explored her back, hips and ass. The corset felt as unyielding as steel. Again, the contrast between her soft skin and the firmness of the corset was great!

"Think of the corset as a symbol of your birthday gift," my wife said. "I know you like me to dress up in sexy clothes, and that you enjoy the sexual tease they provide. For your present, I'm going to tease you until you can't take any more. And I'll be the judge of when you've had enough."

Reaching between the couch cushions, Becky pulled out a set of leather wrist cuffs that I'd used on her in the past. "Your hands need to be restrained," she said matter-of-factly. "I can't have you getting impatient when I tease you." She buckled each of the cuffs around my wrists and then gestured for me to stand. She removed my robe and pushed my

fiorekeef.com

hands down to my sides. She then ran an eighteen-inch cord behind my back to connect the cuffs. My hands could move, but they were effectively useless.

"Let's go to the bedroom," she said brightly.

Once there, Becky told me to lie on my back in the middle of the bed. In this position, my hands were now pinned even more restrictively at my sides. She knelt between my legs and bent down to rub her face all over my cock, which was tenting my briefs. My hips lifted up off the bed to increase contact, and she immediately pulled back.

"That won't do," she said. "In order to get your reward, you're going to have to let me control things." Becky then reached up and lowered my briefs, carefully trying to minimize her contact with my erect cock. When I was naked, she returned her face to my groin. She ran her expert tongue up and down my hard cock once and commented on how painfully stiff it looked. I said, "I'm okay. You're giving me what you offered, and you're very good at it."

Becky moved up my body, so that she was astride my hips. She pulled the front of the corset down an inch or two, exposing both nipples. She then bent forward, using her arms to support her upper body, and lowered her left breast to my mouth. "Suck on me—gently." I obeyed, and after a minute or two, she moved a few inches to the left and offered my mouth her right breast. "Gently, now," she admonished softly. "It adds to the tease." After another minute, she said, "You can suck harder now. In fact, that's how I want it." She again switched breasts after a little while. Finally Becky said, "That's enough for now," and then she moved her body down between my thighs.

My wife then had me lift my ass off the bed so she could position a pil-

SPREAD YOUR MESSAGE:

ADVERTISE!

If your ad isn't in PENTHOUSE LETTERS, VARIATIONS, FORUM or GIRLS OF PENTHOUSE, you're missing an incredible opportunity to sell to your most ideal consumers. To showcase your website or products in this magazine or in other PENTHOUSE sophisticate titles, contact Rich McEntee at 212-702-6149 or rmcentee@ffn.com

low under my lower back. This made my cock and balls the highest part of my body and made me very aware that Becky could do with me what she pleased. That was fine with me, but it did feel strange to be exposed in that way.

Over the next ten minutes or so, Becky fondled my cock and balls off and on, never staying in one spot too long. She had to tell me several times to stay still because I was squirming too much. When she wasn't teasing my cock or balls, she'd run a hand up my leg or across my chest. My

cock was aching, and I told Becky that I didn't think I could take much more. "I'm sure you can take a lot more," Becky said teasingly.

She lowered her head between my spread thighs and said, "I know how you love the feeling of my long nails tickling your balls, so I'm going to focus all of my attention there. I'm going to see if my nails, mouth and tongue on your balls alone can make you come." I groaned with anticipation and frustration. My cock twitched in the air, as if it was trying to find something to rub against. Becky noticed and said, "Don't worry, if your cock doesn't explode in ten minutes, I'll take care of you."

With that, she pushed my thighs farther apart and lowered her head to kiss the sensitive skin on my inner thighs. Her right hand cupped my balls, and she blew on them and then kissed them gently. She enveloped my cock with her mouth, and it got wet but then she left it bobbing in the air. Her tongue explored my balls, and I groaned with pleasure. In her sexiest voice, Becky said, "I don't think I've ever given your balls so much attention. I can almost feel the ache in them. It arouses me to know that I've made them ache—and that I'm going to do it even more before I allow you release. I bet you're going to come a lot—when I finally let you." Her tongue teased my balls, and she moved her hand to caress and gently scratch me with her tantalizing fingernails.

Words can't describe the exquisite torture Becky provided over the next few minutes. Her wet tongue and sharp nails felt vastly different but both were pure sex. She used

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

her mouth to tease my cock, getting it wet and then abandoning it several times. She sucked on my balls and squeezed them with just the right touch. My hips repeatedly rose as my cock fucked the air. My thighs became tired because of all the strain and tension of raising and lowering my hips as the futility of the upward motion because apparent, and I lowered myself to try to increase Becky's contact with my balls. I was sweating and my breathing was becoming labored.

Finally, Becky said, "Okay, I think you've had enough teasing. Would you like to come in my mouth, hand or pussy?"

"Hand!" I nearly shouted. "Grab me—I need your hand." In seconds, Becky had gotten my shaft wet with her saliva, and then reached up and stroked her hand firmly up and down my dick. I thought my body was going to liquefy and shoot through my cock as I came. Becky hung on as I continued to shoot, my load splashing across my stomach. I felt like a rag doll, totally exhausted and without any strength in my limbs.

"Thank you," I said in a whisper.

"Let's take a break," Becky said softly. "We're not done yet. Teasing you has also teased me. I need you to get me off."

Needless to say, after I'd rested for a minute and Becky had released the cord from my cuffs, I lunged for her, grabbing her body. My fingers pushed her panties aside and found her dripping-wet pussy. I pushed the corset's top down to fully expose her breasts. My mouth found one of her nipples, and I sucked it greedily while I fingered her cunt and got her off in record time.

It was a spectacular birthday, and I can't wait to see what she does next year to top it!

Mr. Seamus M.,
Sacramento, California

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

floreklagf.com

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

VARIATIONS

LIGHTS, CAMERA—ACTION!

Gretchen decides to sate her husband's hunger for x-rated videos by making one of herself—and her lover. Her husband, Tom, eagerly grabs the camera and captures all their naughty sexcapades.

PLAYING DRESS-UP

Deirdre is shocked when Evan boldly reveals his lust for feminine frills, but her surprise soon turns into kinky delight as she discovers the sexy thrill of a masculine man dressed in ladies' clothing.

NAKED BOOK CLUB

When Derek moves to a new city, he's eager to meet people and signs up for a local book club. He winds up making some very special friends, indeed, when their literary event transforms into a free-for-all orgy.

DON'T MISS THE OCTOBER ISSUE
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND AUGUST 30

Store Mags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Join the
most dynamic
alternative
lifestyle
community
online!
ALT.com®
Explore the fetish lifestyle with millions of other kinky members worldwide.
Find Your Fetish – Join for FREE!* Visit www.ALT.com
ALT.com is a registered trademark of Various, Inc. Model depicted in photo.
*Access to certain site features requires an upgrade from a free membership to a paid membership.

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Stormags.com

A HIGHER STANDARD FOR HARDCORE.

AVAILABLE NOW

LINEAR / VOD / HD

LOOK FOR **PENTHOUSETV** ON YOUR TV PROGRAM GUIDES AND LISTINGS.

IF YOU DON'T HAVE **PENTHOUSETV**, CALL YOUR LOCAL CABLE OR SATELLITE PROVIDER AND ASK FOR **PENTHOUSETV**.

© 2011 NEW FRONTIER MEDIA, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.